

The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

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TELL CONGRESS NOT TO BLOCK THE REAL ISSUE

THE American Legion's fight for the four-fold optional compensation plan has entered a new phase. The opposition, defeated in its attempt to invoke popular sentiment against the measure itself, has turned from the direct to the indirect method of attack. The strategy is to strike the bill through the instrument of a fomented controversy over methods of money-raising. Already the attempt is being made to divert attention from the bill to the question of the means by which funds shall be raised to carry out its provisions.

If the advocates of different revenue-producing schemes can be played off against one another, and Congress embroiled in a dispute over money-raising, in which the bill, occupying the role of the innocent bystander, shall receive a mortal blow, this design will have succeeded.

The four-fold plan has withstood the closest scrutiny. The economic soundness of the land settlement, home aid and vocational training options and the fact that the fourth option can be paid automatically to the dependents of those who died, to all disabled, and those needing assistance, make the plan the best solution of the problem of beneficial legislation.

A majority of Congress favors the bill. Congress, however, begins its summer vacation June 8. Unless the bill is passed before that adjournment, the chances of its ultimate passage will be greatly impaired, and the present disadvantageous situation of the ex-service man will be prolonged indefinitely.

National Headquarters has pressed the Legion's case with all the vigor it can command, and has received admirable support from the membership. It is imperative that these efforts be sustained. State departments, Posts and individuals throughout the country should continue to impress upon their Senators and Congressmen that the bill should be passed before adjournment and the question of the method of money-raising not be permitted to obstruct the real issue.

FRANKLIN D'OLIER,
National Commander.

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Allies Chose Autocar Motor Truck to Meet Strenuous War Needs

For three years before America entered the World War, Autocars were at the front. In August, 1914, the Autocar Motor Truck was mobilized for war service.

The first fleet of Autocars, numbering eight trucks, was assigned to the First Automobile Machine Gun Brigade of Ottawa, Canada. Their success at the front was marked from the start—hauling gun crews, ammunition, and supplies from point to point on rush orders; getting wherever they were needed on time.

Not one of the original fleet of Autocars was scrapped because it was worn out. Three were bumped off by shells; the remaining five carried on throughout the war. And in December, 1918, after more than four years of the most testing sort of service, these five veterans of the dark days of 1914 were patrolling the streets of Bonn, Germany.

Chassis (1½-2 Ton)

\$2300, 97-inch wheelbase

\$2400, 120-inch wheelbase

Demonstrating again that the stamina that wins out in peace-time civilian life will stand up under the stress of war—whether it be found in men or in machines.

THE AUTOCAR COMPANY, Ardmore, Pennsylvania

Manufacturers of the Autocar Motor Truck

Autocar

The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

Official Publication of

The American Legion

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In Reply to George

The Legion Answers the Illinois Comrade Who Thought
that "Perhaps He Had Made a Mistake in Signing Up"

GEORGE has started something. George, you may remember, was the man who thought that "perhaps he made a mistake" when he joined the Legion.

George's letter was printed in the WEEKLY for April 16. It got scores of replies, most of them rather tart, almost all of them landing on George hard for entering the Legion "just to join something."

It must be admitted that George let himself in for something. But it must also be stated, in George's defense, that he had the sincerity to write the WEEKLY in an honest endeavor to find out what the Legion was good for. How many Legionnaires are there who joined just to join something, haven't much of an idea what it's all about, and aren't interested enough to ask? Tennyson said: "There is more faith in honest doubts than in half the creeds."

For the convenience of readers in following the trend of the replies which George has evoked from brother members all over the land, his original letter said:

To the Editor: I am a member of The American Legion, having entered not more than six weeks ago. I entered the Legion just to join something. Perhaps I made a mistake. Would like to have some information from you. What kind of benefits will I receive from the Legion? What good is it to me? Or is The American Legion just a clubhouse to have a good time in? I would like to have full particulars as I am thinking of dropping out.

GEORGE LUCAS, JR.

Pekin, Ill.

Some of the replies have been accompanied by stamped envelopes addressed to George, and these have been forwarded to him. And one brother Legionnaire, L. F. Powers, of Wabash, Ind., writes: "Stick to it, old boy, and the first opportunity I

have to come through Pekin, I will look you up and talk it over."

If there were no more to be said, George would be in large measure

—to try to "sell" him the Legion, as a good booster for anything would put it.

"Drop out, George. We don't want you," begins a letter from a member of Summit Post No. 19, of Akron, Ohio. That is not true. The Legion *does* want George. It wants any potential member who is sufficiently interested in it to ask what it's for. From another Ohio town—Newark—Harold L. Roley offers the sensible suggestion that George "read the preamble to the constitution of the Legion."

GEORGE D. CHILD, of Springfield, in George's own State of Illinois, also cites the preamble, and adds:

"The American Legion was founded primarily with the object of binding the ex-service men together for mutual helpfulness, and not for individual benefit. If the latter were the case, there would be no need for the elaborate nation-wide organization now in existence, but in every community there could have been an isolated post, which would serve the purpose of individual betterment equally as well, if not better, than a more elaborate organization.

"You, no doubt, had the experience common to most of us while in the army, of a spirit of unselfishness and generosity little known in civil life, and it is in a great extent to perpetuate this spirit that the Legion was formed. Now this seems perhaps a little far-fetched and altruistic, but it is the serious purpose of the Legion. And this spirit can take a very practical form, as evidenced by the endeavor to obtain just compensation for the service man.

"But if this is all too visionary and you want to discover the benefit to the individual of belonging to the Legion, enter a strange town wearing your button. In almost every store and office you enter you will find some man wearing the same button who will welcome you."

H. H. Shucart, of Goldman-Grotsky

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WHAT THEY HAVE TO SAY TO GEORGE

We must all get behind the Legion and push. We will receive back many fold what we put in—maybe not this year, or the next, but eventually. Get busy, George!
Huron, S. D. MILES E. WALTON.

The impulse that causes a small boy to cast a stone into a still pond is on a par with the impulse that caused you to join the Legion—just to be doing something. But the impulse of the small boy caused ripples to carry to the furthest reaches of the pond, while I doubt if your impulse has carried as far. No doubt your throw fell short of the pond.
Omaha, Neb. P. R. LAMBORN.

You can't draw dividends unless you own stock, and the usual way of getting stock is to buy it. Isn't that right, George?
Painesville, O. S. B. HASKELL.

I belong to The American Legion not alone for what it gives me, but for what I may give it—not only for the good it may do me, but for the good I may do through it.
Braham, Minn. P. L. HAMLIN.

George, think twice before you drop out. If you don't get any good out of the Legion, try helping some one else to get some good out of it.
Dallas City, Ill. A. R. WIBBELL.

Stay with it, Mr. Lucas. The Legion can be anything you make it. If it isn't worth your time now, put your shoulder to the wheel and make it so.
Inland, Neb. G. D. L.

answered. He has found that honest criticism of the Legion arouses sufficient interest in at least one fellow-member to make the latter want to discuss things personally with him

Post, St. Louis, cites specific problems in the solution of which the Legion can and must play a prominent part—suitable provision for the disabled, insurance, pressing legislation now pending in Congress.

"I went through five hospitals on my way home," says Shucart, "not as an invalid, but because red tape happened to send me that way. And passing through those hospitals I saw many a man that will never be able to make a living. That is why I belong to the Legion if for nothing else—to see that justice is done these men."

"Do you attend the business meetings of your local post?" inquires E. E. Chattelle of Harold Mason Post, Sioux Falls, S. D., "if so, do you take an active part in those meetings? If you do I can offer no solution to your problem. Because The American Legion is just what the individual member is."

The potentiality of the individual member also is stressed by B. W. Blatchley, of Council Grove, Kan. He says:

"I have been a member of the Legion since last June and I have never had to ask anyone what benefits I would get out of it.

"In my experience in the Legion and other organizations I have found that the man who gets in without thought of the benefits that he will get and who spends his time thinking and asking how he can benefit the organization is the man who gets the most benefit out of it.

"I do not mean that we all can do things that will directly benefit the whole organization to any great degree, but we all can do something to make the Legion a better, stronger organization now and in the future. Every man must do his best to keep his own local post alive."

F. M. Van Horn rises in Syracuse, N. Y., to inquire of George: "Are you one of those jelly-fish who have no other thought than to join some-

thing just to stick out your chest and say, 'I'm one.'? If you are, then drop out." The WEEKLY doesn't think that George is altogether that sort. Let it be said for the third time that the Legion means enough to George to get him thinking, to make him write in and inquire, "What's the idea?"

CHARLES F. B. MAJOR did not sport gold oak leaves overseas in spite of his name. (We fancy he has been kidded about that before.) Instead he wore on his right sleeve the

merely because we are no longer at war."

"Old Sergeant" of Richmond, Va., sent George's letter to the *Evening Journal* of that city, which printed it together with "Old Sergeant's" answer, which said:

"I did not make a mistake in joining the Legion. The benefits derived from membership in the Legion are the satisfaction of participation in the work of perpetuating the ideals of American patriotism, the encouragement of good citizenship and the pleasure of helping my fellow man.

The American Legion is more than 'a good time club' for you and me; it is a countrywide association of men and women who personally took part in the work of stripping heartless force from the hands of cruel nations which sought to crush thrift and happiness in the human race.

"It is not necessary for you to drop out, George. Just stand still where you are, and, perhaps, after a while some of the unselfish spirit that may linger in your heart will inspire you to hold out a helping hand to a comrade less fortunate than you."

J. Gardner Minard of Pelham, N. Y., suggests that George "may be in the right church but the wrong pew; that is, perhaps the post to which he belongs has got into the rut of routine work."

The editors of the WEEKLY do not believe

that George's questionings have been in vain. It will be impossible for them to grant further space to replies to his queries, but they believe that his case is now in the best of hands—those of his fellow members—and that he is on the way to being one of the strongest boosters the Legion has in Pekin.

How about you? Are you interested? If not, whose fault is it? Yours? Your post's? The national organization's? Hold a little self-catechism and see how you answer yourself.

WHAT IS YOUR SUGGESTION?

To the Editor: I want information. If anyone in The American Legion can give me the information I desire, I will certainly extend the thanks of Dewey Post to him. Here is the situation:

Admiral George W. Dewey Post No. 3, Department of Indiana, was organized in March, 1919, and was one of the first to receive an American Legion charter. The Post is composed entirely of ex-sailors. We have given four "ship's balls," all of which were successes, socially and financially.

Our Post Commander is a live wire. So are the committee chairmen. Seven of us have done all in our power to make the post a success. None of the members are willing to give up the idea of a strictly naval post.

Still, there is something radically wrong somewhere. I mailed three hundred notices of a business meeting to be held April 21, 1920, and in those notices set forth the important questions to be considered, the meeting place and hour and furthermore URGED attendance.

At the meeting there were seven members present (these seven men never miss a meeting)—less than three per cent.

Would one enormous post in each city solve the question? Where is the key to the solution?

Yours for The American Legion,

HARRY E. MORTON,
Post Adjutant.

*Admiral George W. Dewey Post,
Indianapolis, Ind.*

castle that is the insignia of a first class private of Engineers. Now, from his home in Greenwood, S. C., he writes a personal letter to George through the WEEKLY with a request that it be forwarded. "Would like to hear from you personally," he adds, and signs himself, "Your comrade."

"The Legion is not an organization to be joined just to be joining something," writes former Private First Class Major. "Try the army if that is all you want. Legion men are not through serving America

When the Next War Comes

By JOHN M. MARTIN

When the next war comes,
I won't be one of those who gush
To read the news, then wildly rush
To get into the coming push

And grab a gun and kit.
I won't be madly yelling, "War!"
And pounding on the very door
Of some recruiting office, for
I've changed a little bit.

When the next war comes,
I won't be lured by fife and drum,
Nor by the smell of beans and slum
To follow where the bullets hum

Across some bloody Rhine.
I won't be crying, "Take me please!"
And begging on my hands and knees
To join the gang for overseas,
Unless I've lost my mind.

When the next war comes,
I'm going to have a family—
With umpteen kids upon my knee;
A mighty farmer I will be,
A-raising kids and wheat.
I'm strong for rights and liberties,
But not so strong on obsequies,
So, in the next war give me, please,
A little ol' back seat.

THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY

The Funny Side of a Tremendous Handicap

A Man Blinded in the
Service Proves that a
"Blink" Can See a Joke
as Well as Anybody

By F. RAYMOND PYLE

(The writer of this article, formerly a civil engineer, sailed for France in August, 1918, as a member of the Fifty-seventh Engineers. Soon after his arrival he contracted influenza and spinal meningitis, and was removed to Camp Hospital 33, a few miles from Brest. He left the hospital two months later a totally blind man, and underwent an operation for appendicitis not long afterward. He sailed from France December 14, 1919, and was sent to Evergreen, Baltimore, Md., where all of America's war sightless were taken for care and training. Following his discharge from the service just a year ago, Pyle became a dictaphone operator with the American Red Cross at Evergreen. The article that follows is his own account of life among the "blinks" just as he wrote it on his own typewriter.—THE EDITOR.)

"ARE you blind?" This was a question an old lady asked one of the soldiers at Evergreen. He had one glass eye, and it was in upside down, and the other eye was in his pocket—he was keeping it as a souvenir. No wonder that some men carry little printed cards around their necks.

It was in an American Army hospital in France that a Red Cross nurse and an orderly put me into bed in a semi-conscious condition. Several weeks later I stepped on the floor by my bedside a totally blind man.

The man in the bed next to me was the first one to get well after I did. He was totally deaf, and consequently we did not do any talking. But we became warm friends, the deaf and the blind, and he often took me walking around the grounds to hear a reg-

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Pyle had better not get too proficient or some colonel will grab him for a stenographer in the next war

imental band play whenever a concert was given nearby, although he never benefited by the music. I would go with him occasionally to the Y. M. C. A., where motion pictures were shown once a week, although I was never benefited by the pictures.

If this young soldier could not go with me on account of not feeling well, I would venture out on the boardwalk alone. The nurse would always see that I had two sticks, one in my right hand to run along the edge of the walk, and the other in my left hand to avoid running into anything. This exercise became too tiresome and I remained indoors until my friend, the deaf fellow could go with me.

This fellow had it on me when it came to eating, for he could reach out for his beans and make no mistake. I had my meals brought in cups and a spoon in each one. Sometimes I would put my spoon into the cup which had my gold fish in it and then into my chocolate pudding. This gave me a taste like a bird and animal store smells. Frequently I knocked a cup of beans off on the floor and the corporal of the ward told me that if I were not a blind man I would be put on extra duty. My handicap saved me a good many times from special duty, such as washing dishes, sweeping, making beds, or even from doing duty in the guard house. I often asked the captain for a cigarette, thinking he was a private like myself.

On November 22 I left this hospital, Camp 33, and was sent to an evacuation hospital near Brest. At this hospital men were supposed to stay over night and then start for America the next day. Each man was tagged according to his disability.

I was first tagged as a walking patient, later a litter case. It was hard for the officer to make up his mind just what I was. So far as I know, I was the first blind soldier to enter this place, and as the officers were not accustomed to handling sightless soldiers, and I not accustomed to handling myself, I got into and out of trouble the best way I knew how.

It kept me busy for over two weeks changing clothes, from my uniform to my pajamas and back again. It was on a Sunday morning when I left the hospital for the transport, dressed half in uniform and half in pajamas. As I was about to go aboard, an officer on the ship spied me and told me frankly that he could not be responsible for me. With much difficulty I convinced him that I was a soldier and he let me ride. My mental condition must have worried the ship officer, for I heard him give directions to a sailor to leave any doors open in the room I was in.

AFTER arriving in New York I was safely taken to Camp Merritt and New Year's Day found me in my new and lovely home, which is now known as the Red Cross Institute for the Blind, located at Evergreen, Baltimore. Here I met over fifty blind soldiers, and more men were coming in each day until there were over a hundred.

One of them took me for a long walk and showed me the bowling alleys, school rooms, dance floor, and the Red Cross house. At this place I met lots of pretty girls. A man in an adjoining room was standing before a mirror, adjusting his eyes before going in to see his girl. Everything was all new and interesting to me. Instead of Alice in Wonderland,

I was a blind man in wonderland. I always considered myself as a blind man, but at Evergreen I became a "blink," and if by any chance I could see out of my glass eye, I would be known as a "half blink."

When we "blinks" first arrived at Evergreen, it seemed as though every man, woman and child in Baltimore came to visit us just out of curiosity. Sunday especially was visiting day. People would come out in their autos to take us for rides, and we received candy, theatre tickets, safety razors, and all sorts of presents. One man wrote home and said: "To-day is Sunday and this is the day the people come out and feed the blind apes peanuts." Among ourselves this place was known as the zoo.

Among some of the questions asked by some of the old ladies were: "Oh, are you blind?"—when the soldier had two stunning glass eyes—"How did you get in the army when you had no sight?" "Did you lose your sight going over the top or coming back?"

We "blinks" met these people on their own ground by saying, "I was leaning up against a barrage when it went over with me," "I was watching the soldiers go across and the strain was too much for my sight," "I tried to stop a shell from exploding in front of a Y. M. C. A. man who had lost his way."

One of the "blinks" who had partial sight and was therefore known as a "half blink" found his way to the theatre. The man in the box of-

fice charged him double price for the ticket, he asserts, as he said that it would take him twice as long to see the show. This "half blink" could make out objects, but only when they were very close. He prized himself highly on his sense of touch. To test this wonderful sense of touch, he was given a stuffed owl. After feeling it for some time, he exclaimed, "Why, this a broad-faced goose."

Two other "blinks" and myself had the pleasure of being the guests at a certain lady's home in town for dinner, and went to the theatre in the evening. Our hostess could not remain in the theatre with us, but she said her son would meet us in the lobby after the show. An usher found us three seats in the lobby.

We sat there about ten minutes winking and blinking like three little owls until some kind gentleman came over to us and asked what hospital we came from. We told him that a friend was going to meet us in a few minutes. Our waiting did not seem to satisfy him, and he said, "I'll get you home right away."

Neither of us having a nickel's worth of sight, we did not know what he was about to do. Suddenly we were all pushed into a taxi and the driver drove quickly away. Neither our host nor the chauffeur knew where Evergreen was, and we had a terrible time trying to direct him just which way to turn. However, we finally reached the place at an early hour in the morning.

Some of the men are making musi-

cians out of themselves, and two of the "blinks" have expressed a desire to be black-faced comedians. A favorite joke of one of them is the story of a brother "blink" who had died. Several other "blinks" acted as chief mourners. They followed, walking behind the hearse. After they had gone several squares, they thought there was something wrong. At the next corner a "half blink" called to them that the hearse had made a turn, and that they had missed it and were following a garbage wagon.

One morning after the chow whistle blew for breakfast, I heard one of the men calling for the nurse. When she came into his room, she found him searching for his eyes. He had taken them out the night before and had misplaced them. He told the nurse he could not see to go to breakfast without them.

There were many cases of this kind, and it was necessary for our Sergeant Carroll to announce in the mess hall that he had found a couple of glass eyes and anyone missing theirs could claim them. This caused quite a laugh and we "blinks" proceeded to investigate to find out whether the missing articles belonged to any of us. One private spoke up and said, "I had a good eye, but I left it over in France to watch my pack."

Evergreen is more interesting now, for several of the "blinks" are married and their wives are living on the post with them.

Have You Got Him?

HAVE you got your new member yet?

If you haven't, cut out the accompanying blank and get him.

And if you have, it won't do any harm to double your personal quota. Cut it out and get another. There is still time for recruits to be enrolled in the Legion's national Spring membership push, May 17 to 22.

There are few Legionnaires without some old Army or Navy friends who somehow overlooked the advantages of Legion membership in the earlier days. The principal reason they haven't joined, probably, is that they never have been urged or invited.

They will join now if you ask them.

Every ex-service man who isn't already a member is a prospect. How about the fellow next door? How about the members of the old outfit? Are they all in the new outfit? How about the reunion you were going to hold some day? There is a reunion every time a post meets in the Legion.

It will be at least three weeks before even tentative totals in the membership push can be made public. The campaign is above all things a test of the worth of the individual Legion

boosters. By his diligence and application, or by his lack of it, it must rise or fall. The results will show later whether he is doing his duty to

the Legion now. A man is waiting for you to hand him the accompanying application blank. Cut it out now and get it to him.

Application for Membership in The American Legion

Name _____
(Please Print) First Middle Last

Address _____
Street
City

Military Organization _____

Civil Occupation _____

I hereby subscribe to the Constitution
of THE AMERICAN LEGION, and apply for enrollment in
Post No. _____

County, Department of _____

Signature of Applicant _____

This is the membership blank to be filled in by any veteran who is eligible to join the Legion. It should be sent to the Adjutant of the Post he chooses

THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY



"You have lost a mule," observed Schultz in a tongue that passed current in those parts for English

Sherlock Schultz of Luxembourg

Wherein an Ancient Grudge and a Leaf from the Movie Book
Bring Home a Band of Prowlers

By ROBERT J. CASEY

A MULE under stress of circumstances will eat his manger or the side of his barn or sundry available chunks of wagon or blanket or leather or hair or rope—or anything else that he can manage to get a tooth into. But no mule—not even a hungry mule—will gnaw through an iron halter chain.

That's the nub of the whole thing—that halter chain. If this detective story may be said to have a clue, that's it.

Some remarkable old philosopher who probably served with somebody's army of occupation once voiced a sentiment to this effect: "I can take care of my enemies, but God deliver me from my friends." And that, too, has more than a little bearing upon this chronicle of asinine adventure—not the sentiment itself, perhaps, but the practical application of it.

Soon after the signing of the Armistice, the Umpty-Umph Field Artillery planted its guidons in the roads of Luxembourg and dismounted. The second battalion of the Umpty-Umph was the only mule-

drawn battalion in the field artillery branch of the United States service. One, so say those who know, is enough for any army.

Now, according to all available information, Luxembourg was a friendly country—whence comes the application of the proverb aforementioned. One could see at a glance that it was friendly because the lucky householders designated as landlords to this portion of the A. E. F. by the billeting officer promptly refused admittance to their friendly tenants, locked their barns against the friendly mules and growled in a friendly fashion against this invasion of their private though friendly rights.

Eventually, of course, all that got straightened out. There was no right of requisition, as the billeting process was euphemistically termed in Germany—but there are more ways of killing a cat than feeding it corned willy—and eventually the friendly Luxembourgers opened their

houses and hay lofts, if not their arms, to their "deliverers." The mules were billeted in pig-sties, cow-barns, wagon-sheds and feed-rooms, and everybody sat down to wait for the first boat home.

THERE were varieties in the demonstrations of friendliness on the part of the natives. Someone has said that the unit of measurement in considering morality properly should be the nation. More properly it should be the small town. The Umpty-Umph artillery found that hostility or acute friendliness was more pronounced in the valley towns than on the heights between the Alzette and the Moselle, and that there were certain localities where a soldier had no need of going armed.

Similarly it became known that the habits of the mules tended to reflect the attitude of the artless inhabitants who provided them with alleged shelter.

Battery X of the Umpty-Umph's mule battalion had been in Luxembourg about five days when Suicide,

a mule of excellent record, chewed up his halter chain (so it was said) and went AWOL.

The captain of the battery forthwith protested that a mule rarely gets hungry enough to eat an iron chain, but he was overruled by Herr Schmitendorf, owner of the barn where Suicide had been parked.

"It was the Luxembourg air," Herr Schmitendorf explained. "It made the animals very hungry, and the American mules were only half-fed any way, and so the Suicide mule decided to go out into the fields and nibble the first sprouts of next year's crops which the American Army would have to pay for. Ach ja! That was it exactly."

The captain appealed to the burgomeister, who regretted that the mule should have displayed so much intelligence as to crack an iron chain and wander off into the Luxembourg hills where, very likely, no one ever would find him. It was a very sad occurrence.

It was much sadder to the captain than to the burgomeister. Only a few weeks ago the loss of a mule wouldn't have amounted to much.

The simple phrase "Lost in action" had been made to cover sundry and divers discrepancies between property issued and property on hand.

But there was no more action. Accountability, with all its little property slips and requisitions and returns and other features of book-keeping, had come back some sixty seconds after the signing of the Armistice. If Suicide remained away there would be a dozen written reports, a survey, an inquisition during which it would be made to appear that the captain was concealing the mule for some fell purpose of his own—and in the end there might be a bill for \$400.

The captain might have recovered from the loss of Suicide. Friendship has its limits. But the \$400 prospect worried him.

The next morning he received another \$400 worth of worry in the report that one Adelaide, another mule of excellent repute, had eaten another halter chain and fled into the night.

There followed another personal call upon the burgomeister and another chapter of vain regrets. The captain was plainly troubled. An

elopement epidemic was threatening to wipe out the picket line. And explanations such as the colonel would demand were becoming increasingly difficult.

NOW in the old days there were many ways of replenishing losses of animals. Back in the training area—and for that matter in many sectors at the front—a French picket line could always be looked upon as a remount station for the Americans and an American line as a similar convenience for the French. In an emergency there was nothing in army ethics to prevent the removal of a likely beast from one battery corral to another. But the Umpty-Umpth Field Artillery had come upon trying times.

The batteries were too widely scattered to permit intra-regimental raids. There were no mounted French troops closer than the Belgian frontier. And the infantry machine gun outfits were horse-drawn.

If the exodus of mules had stopped with the disappearance of Suicide

(Continued on page 18)

"Home, James," at a Cent a Mile

Disabled Men Still in Hospitals Soon Will Be Enjoying Week-Ends with the Folks at War-time Travel Rates

THERE are still 13,615 wounded and disabled Yanks pulling upstream for health and home in army and navy hospitals. Once in a while the country gets a chance to show them they are not forgotten.

Such an opportunity came when the Government relinquished control of the transportation lines of the country on March 1. These disabled veterans, along with all service men, had been enjoying the privilege of traveling on furlough at a cent a mile. Thousands of them each week-end had been renewing their strength for the health battle by a little look-in on the family circle.

Then came the day when the lines leading home passed out of Uncle Sam's hands and furlough fare for disabled men in service hospitals jumped overnight from one to three cents a mile. With that boost, figure the chance that Private John Doughboy had of getting five hundred miles to the homefolks at \$30 the round trip, when his average monthly surplus, insurance and allotments deducted, amounted to \$7.50. He would have had to save for four months without buying a stick of chewing gum in the meantime.

When tickets home for these men on the mend were trebled at one crack, the result was just what might have been expected. They simply stopped going home. In one army hospital, for example, where

there are 1,248 men, 306 were home on furlough the last week of Government operation in February. The following week, under the three cents a mile fare, a bare fourteen got home. That extra two cents a mile clogged the path effectively.

March was a homeless month for the veteran still in hospital. So likewise was April. In the meantime, however, friends were busy. Representative M. Clyde Kelly, of Pennsylvania, introduced in the House on March 20 a bill to restore to these

disabled men the one cent a mile furlough privilege by having the Government pay the extra two cents a mile. The bill was referred to the House Committee on Military Affairs and hearings were held April 10 at which six wounded veterans of the A. E. F. still in an army hospital appeared as advocates of the legislation. The committee was favorably impressed. To expedite the bill, it was tacked in final form to the Army Appropriation Bill and shot through with that well-greased measure.

It is now only a matter of days, perhaps of hours, before the disabled men still in army and navy hospitals will be able to see the old home gate to the tune of a cent a mile. It is estimated that of the 13,615 men, at least half are physically able to enjoy the furlough privilege.

The amendment to the Army Appropriation Bill restoring the cent a mile furlough privilege calls for an outlay of \$250,000. In these days when appropriations are hardly considered worth while unless they are up in the millions, this is a mere trifle. But perhaps no single appropriation that Congress will make this session, however high into the millions it may run, will yield such an interest rate of health and happiness as will this small amount that clears the way for thousands of veterans for whom the great objective is still home.

Remember—Over There

Has your post contributed its five dollars to The American Legion fund to decorate the graves of American dead in France on Memorial Day? There is just enough time left now to forward contributions to National Headquarters and for National Headquarters to forward them to Paris Post, which is directing the ceremonies overseas. You don't want your post unrepresented in this obligation to the men who did not come back. Individual contributions will also be appreciated. Above all, however, see to it that your post sends its quota. The time to act is today.

A Snare in the Legion's Path

Beneficial Legislation Opponents in Congress Try to Kill Program by Controversy over Means of Raising Money

By J. W. RIXEY SMITH

THE fight on beneficial legislation at Washington has shifted from the question of the legislation itself—which a majority of Congress favors on principle—to that of how to raise the money for its enforcement. That shift is a death trap laid across the legislative pathway of the Legion program by its enemies.

The deep-in-their-heart opponents of any beneficial legislation in the interest of those who served during the war, faced with the overwhelming defeat of their policy of silence and obstruction and the crowning ignominy of having to contribute to that defeat by their own votes, have been losing no opportunity in sowing seeds of mischief. From the first they have attempted to have the Legion go on record as favoring this or that method of raising the necessary revenue for effecting its program, feeling reasonably and justifiably sure that once having drawn the great service organization into a brawl over money, they might be able to extricate themselves from the losing side in a battle of principle.

This trap was laid in the hearings on this legislation before the Ways and Means Committee of the House for practically every representative of the Legion who appeared, from Commander D'Olier on down. And each time it was ably avoided by the unequivocal declaration that it was the business of Congress, not the Legion, to raise revenue with which to meet the nation's obligations.

So when the Ways and Means Committee had agreed upon the features to be incorporated in a general benefit bill for ex-service men and had decided to report favorably a bill embodying practically all of what the Legion asked, the question of raising the money was hurled like a wrench into the machinery.

It was estimated that \$1,800,000,000 would be necessary to carry out the provisions of the bill to be reported. It was next decided that the money should not be raised by bond issue because, as members of the committee put it, "We were informed by the Secretary of the Treasury and other responsible financial authorities that a new issue of bonds was impracticable."

Finally a general scheme for raising the necessary money by taxation was devised by those at the steering wheel of the committee, under which about one-half of the money—\$850,000,000 to be exact—was to be raised by a one per cent. sales tax on all purchases over a period of two years

from December 1, 1920. The remainder was to be obtained by an additional surtax on incomes of \$5,000 and over, by a tax on stock exchange

The Legion's Four-fold Beneficial Legislation Program

The American Legion's four-fold program of beneficial legislation is, as its opponents have loudly charged, a "raid on the treasury" nor an attempt to "sandbag the Government" into an indiscriminate distribution of cash to ex-service men. It is merely the outline of a plan whereby the Government may assist the ex-service man in overcoming the disadvantage to which he is placed as a result of his military service.

The program embraces the following provisions:

1. *Land settlement, whereby ex-service men will be assisted in purchasing a farm in any state, reimbursing the Government for funds advanced by easy payments extending over a period of ten years or more.*

2. *Home aid, whereby ex-service men will get Government assistance in purchasing a home.*

3. *Vocational training, whereby an ex-service man may learn a trade or vocation with the assistance of the Government.*

4. *Adjusted financial compensation.—This would go automatically to the beneficiaries of those who died in service, to all disabled men, and to those ex-service men who do not elect to avail themselves of one of the foregoing provisions.*

The Legion has asked that Congress, in meeting the nation's obligation to the ex-service man, be as liberal as is consistent with the welfare of the country. It has recommended that the extent to which assistance is given the individual ex-service man be based upon his length of service.

Members of the Legion are urged to familiarize themselves with these facts so that they may assist in dispelling the misunderstanding now surrounding the Legion's program.

transactions, and additional taxes on tobacco and real estate payments.

There was an awful howl over the sales tax provision in the committee. With this unpopular piece of baggage, the bill was barely able to limp

out of committee by a vote of 11 to 10 and make its way as best it could up to the door of the caucus of the Republican majority. Here it was developed that there were sixty-seven Republican Congressmen unalterably opposed to the sales tax, as were, it was reported, practically all Democratic members of Congress. Thus the sales tax died the same day it was born.

The sales tax fight was most unfortunate. But for it the Republican caucus on the night of Friday, April 30, would have put the stamp of majority approval on the Ways and Means Committee Bill, and it would have been called up on the floor of the House under a special rule the following Monday and passed. And now we would all be figuring on its chances in the Senate instead of wondering dazedly if it will be able to pull itself together again in time for the House to pass it before adjourning for the June conventions.

IF the fight being waged over the method of raising the money for the compensation program were a real fight instead of a scheme to ditch the program itself, it would be simple enough to foresee a speedy compromise between the various views of taxation and the passage of the Ways and Means Committee Bill substantially as framed by the House within the next ten days. With so many real enemies of the legislation, however, hiding behind the skirts of this new controversy, it is impossible to say just what turn things may take.

The real friends of the compensation program are concentrating their energies on trying to bring order out of the chaos precipitated by the taxation fight. To get the bill, as nearly after the Legion pattern as possible, through the House with the least possible delay, is at this writing their immediate objective.

At this moment things are still much up in the air. Representative Fordney, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, and perhaps the staunchest champion the compensation program has in the House, has been away from the capital attending a state convention in Michigan. He is expected back, however, in time to attend another caucus of the Republican majority in the House. In the meantime feverish efforts are being made to iron out the differences of opinion with regard to the method of raising the revenue for the bill and

(Continued on page 20)

THE EDITORIAL P. C.

POLICIES—NOT POLITICS

[Holiday or Holy Day?

UP to three years ago, Memorial Day had deteriorated from the consecration of its origin into little more than a day off. To most people—certainly to most of us of the younger generation—it stood principally for a morning and an afternoon game instead of the customary single performance.

In 1917 a change began to be noted. Over the thirtieth of May brooded an air of suspense, of foreboding, for America had embarked on the high emprise of war, and none might say how much blood would be shed before the anniversary came again. Nineteen eighteen saw that spirit intensified; close at hand came the real days of our ordeal by fire on the heels of Chateau Thierry, and last year the full toll of a hundred thousand lives had been taken.

The Army of 1918 is home now, ready and willing to bestow on its departed comrades whatever meed of devotion is fitting and proper. For some of us this Memorial Day of 1920 will hold a sacredness that no anniversary that has gone before could hope to hold. For others it will be just another holiday—another day off.

What rule shall we follow? How shall we act? What sort of conduct will people expect of us—of us who fought beside this gold-starred legion of the hundred thousand?

It is a question for everyone of us to answer individually. We cannot look to the veterans of the Civil War for a close parallel. For their dead lay in home cemeteries, close at hand, and ours lie scattered in three continents. Here at home we cannot stand beside the resting place of a comrade who was killed in action.

We know, of course, what every man among the thirty thousand in Romagne would say if he could speak to us. "What? Go around looking mopey on my account? Say, buddy, you just run out into the sand lots and have a good time."

For once, it would be well for us to disregard that unexpressed order. Memorial Day is not all for the dead. It is the day on which we revolve in our hearts not so much the thought of them, but of what they died for. And what they died for is what we live for.

Still Pushing Ahead

THE soldiers of Missouri started at Vauquois Hill in the Battle of the Argonne and fought their way foot by foot to Exermont, overcoming barbed wire and machine gun nests in almost every mile. That was scarcely a year and a half ago. Now the Thirty-fifth Division belongs to history. The honor rolls of Missouri towns bear the names of the former guardsmen who lie dead in France. But those who passed Exermont are still marching on—following the vision of the better day, la belle journée, which led them through the Argonne wilderness.

At Palmyra, Missouri, the town's high school building burned. It appeared the city would not vote to replace it. Then Boots-Dickson post of The American Legion fell in again to the call of good citizenship. It campaigned for a new school building. The town folk rallied behind it. Victory came at the polls.

Then came a harder battle. The post appealed to the town to pave its main street. Opposition developed on the front and flanks. The majority of the Legion-

naires are "poor," hence untaxable, said the opponents. The Legion Post donated \$100 to the paving fund. Then its members said a few things about that charge of being "poor." They pleaded guilty. But they also told, with an utter absence of ill feeling, what they believed to be their duty to the community. They were still serving, they said. The good of their town was their peacetime objective. The last news is that Palmyra will pave its main street. Add new fame to Vauquois and Exermont.

Still with Troops

OLD General Rumor is never without a command. The old boy was tireless in the days of the war, stalking up and down the front, traveling incognito with couriers and dispatch riders, appearing unexpectedly at camps in the S. O. S.—a garrulous, fussy bird with a busy brain. Everywhere he went the troops idolized him. He was much better liked than that old disciplinarian, General O. Ficial Report.

After the A. E. F. came home General Rumor seemed to have gone on leave. But now word comes that he is back again in Coblenz on the Rhine, as hale and hearty as ever. He arrived in Coblenz in disguise. One day everybody in Coblenz heard that marks had been all shot to pieces on the New York money market and were quoted at 130 to the dollar. Doughboy speculators who had loaded up on German currency as a gamble mourned. The next day they forgot their grief—marks were still solid at a cent and a half each. Then everybody knew—General Rumor had come to Coblenz. The old man, his staff and all his orderlies were still on the job. And always will be.

Free and Independent

A BODY of ex-service men recently decided to organize a post of The American Legion. So they wrote a letter to the Adjutant-General of the Army inquiring, "How do we go about it?"

If that seems odd, permit us to cite the case of another ex-service group which, having completed its temporary organization, sent its papers to the Secretary of War.

Such actual incidents as these are only amusing. The Adjutant-General and the Secretary of War set both groups of inquirers on the right track. But thousands of good Americans, almost all of them necessarily not members of the Legion, are firm in the belief that the greatest of American veteran organizations is a branch of the War Department with "militarist" tendencies.

This state of confusion in the minds of many, though scarcely excusable, is explained simply. Every member of the Legion was not so long ago very much under the wing of the United States Government and of the War Department in particular. That connection was severed with the handing out of the honorable discharge. The Legionnaire's interest in his Government is identical with that of his good brother citizen who was not in the service. The American Legion is neither a military organization nor a branch of the War Department nor a part of any other department of the United States Government—no more than are the Elks or the Knights of Columbus or the Presbyterian Church.



Suzanne Lampereur, of Caen, was adopted by the Thirteenth Aero Squadron, vanquishers of twenty-nine Boche craft.

Who's Your Post Mascot?

Three Thousand Fatherless French Children, Adopted by A. E. F. Units, Now Look for Assistance to Ununiformed America

notice belongs on every post bulletin board:

Select the sort of orphan you want—select, if you want, the same orphan that your old outfit adopted in France.

Forward a description, with check or money order for seventy-five dollars, to the French Orphan Fund, National Treasurer, American Legion, Indianapolis, Ind.

A photograph of the mascot will be sent to every adopting post or individual. Letters to mascots may be sent direct or through the overseas bureau of the Red Cross. Letters from mascots may be sent direct or, if desired, will be translated by the Red Cross and the translation forwarded to the adopters together with the original letter.

*Remember that seventy-five dollars these days is *tres beaucoup* francs—about twelve hundred of them, at present rates. The cost of living has of course soared in France, but not enough to make up for the inequalities of exchange. As a result of these inequalities both you and your mascot will therefore be gainers.*



Pierre Bonnard, fathered by Company F, Seventeenth Engineers (Railway), sends his "meilleurs souvenirs."



Anna Francois, gray-eyed, diligent mascot of Company B, 321st Infantry, Eighty-first Division.

SEWENTY-FIVE dollars to adopt and maintain one penniless French child, orphaned by the war, for a whole year!

For two million men those words will have a familiar ring. They once read them, or something like them, in *The Stars and Stripes* from March 29, 1918, to the very end of the Army newspaper's existence. Only instead of seventy-five dollars, the notice said "Five hundred francs."

It is estimated that nearly half a million men of the A. E. F. contributed to *The Stars and Stripes* French War Orphan Fund, contributed all the way from a little clacker up to fifty thousand francs each—the WEEKLY will have more to say about those big timers later—until the total fund passed the two million franc mark.

As a result the rugged highway of life was made appreciably smoother for 3,567 French children in 1918 and 1919. And then the A. E. F. went home.

Before The American Legion was The American Legion, in the days when it was only uniformed America, it heard the call of distress and responded as Americans do. Today the call is sounding again. Will the mascots of the late A. E. F. become The American Legion's own family of war orphans?

National Headquarters of the Legion, working in conjunction with the American Red Cross, which is still maintaining the bureau to which the administrative task of the overseas fund was entrusted, announces that it is prepared to receive contributions, forward the money to France, and assist posts in the selection of mascots in the same manner as did *The Stars and Stripes*.

The process is as follows, and this

OF the three thousand seven hundred and more children which the A. E. F. took under its wing, only about seven hundred have been enabled to live since the war without outside assistance. These seven hundred are not included in the number available for and in need of re-adoption, which is about three thousand.

For these three thousand the load has not been lightened with the coming of peace. Their situation is even more precarious. Hundreds of widowed mothers, for instance, who managed to keep the wolf at arm's length from their little families by working in munitions factories, possibly in the great American centers, are now deprived of this means of livelihood, and their children are in desperate need of the mite that any of thousands of Legion posts can and will contribute once that need is made plain to them. France, torn by reconstruction problems and wracked by lack of money, cannot help.

Now, as never before, do the fatherless children of France need the aid that was given them so freely in the days when the Yankee doughboy was the commonest of sights from Pontanezen to Coblenz.

As in the past, the Red Cross will bear the entire expense of administering the fund. Your post's adoption fee will go exactly where it is intended to go—to the mother of the child you adopt.

With this article are pictures of three of the three thousand, with the name of the A. E. F. outfit which was the foster-parent of each overseas. Other pictures will appear in succeeding issues, together with notice of the progress of the fund and of the little legion of the fatherless between Brest and Alsace. The name of every adopting post will be published in the WEEKLY.



"Who's Your Tailor?"

Officer-candidate Murphy, having been expelled from the Officers' Training Camp for persistent sloppiness in uniform, was in a nasty frame of mind.

"What did they can you for?" inquired his buddy.

"Oh," growled Murphy, "the C. O. told me I was cut out for an officer all right, but I was sewed up wrong."

Quite So

A zealous revenue officer was sleuthing through the apartment house, trying to locate the private still which he suspected was on the premises. Meeting a small boy, he tried the effects of a bribe.

"Son," he said, "I'll give you a dollar if you'll show me a private still."

"Sure," said the youth, "come along."

The revenue man puffed wearily up all the flights of stairs until they reached the top floor. Here a door was opened and the boy pointed triumphantly to a man asleep on the bed.

"There you are," he said. "That's my brother Fred. He's been in the army ten years and he's a private still."

Camouflaged

Private Snow: "Dis turkey am gwine to be give to de majah fo' his birthday present."

Private Ball: "Better have it picked. Dere's gwine to be a lot of white officers dar and wit his feddern on he might get reckernized."

Well, Isn't It?

Me and Bill went
Down to the picture show.
The orchestra played
"Over There" and Bill
Thought it was the national anthem
And stood up.
So did I.
Darn Bill.

Starting at the Bottom

"Sir," said the bespectacled one nervously, "I am a former college professor and would like to get a job as hod carrier."

The red-necked gang boss laughed loud and long.

"You certainly gotcher nerve with you," he roared. "Notta chance, notta chance. But we might start you in as an architect and let you work your way up."

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"They're raising that building across the street from us on jacks."

"Impossible. You can open on jacks, but a man is a fool if he tries to raise - - er - - I mean it must be quite a sight."

On the Ouija Line

Breathlessly the spiritualistically inclined lady bent over the ouija spelling out the communications from her departed spouse.

"John, are you happy there?" she asked.

"Yes, D-E-A-R."

"Are you happier than you were on the earth?"

"Yes, D-E-A-R."

"Ah," she breathed, "Heaven must be a wonderful place."

"I G-U-E-S-S S-O, B-U-T I-M-N-O-T T-H-E-R-E Y-E-T."

A WEAK EXPLANATION



"You have pains in your left leg? Why, my dear woman, that's only a sign of age!"

"H'm. I haven't any pains in my right leg, and that's just as old."

—Fliegende Blaetter, Munich.

Bombing Heaven

Young hopeful had unearthed a giant cannon cracker from a long past Fourth of July and touched a match to it. With a deafening roar it exploded, some bits shooting high in the sky. For a moment young hopeful was stunned. Then he shrugged his shoulders and remarked:

"Well, anyway, I'll bet that made God jump."

The Buck's Revenge

The telephone in the Division Q. M. office rang and the brand new and highly important shavetail reached for it.

"Hello," said the voice. "This is the operator at headquarters. May I speak to Colonel Lummux?"

"He isn't in," said the shavetail shortly.

"Major Dingus, then?"

"Isn't in."

"How about Captain Doodab?"

"No—isn't in."

"Er—who is this, please?"

"This, young man, is Lieutenant Bumpshus."

"Oh, yes, thank you, Lieutenant," said the voice sweetly. "And if an officer should come in would you please ask him to call?"

Qualified for the Job

Farmer: "I'll give you \$5 a day to help me dig potatoes. You can start now."

Dusty Rhodes: "Guess you better do it alone, mister. You planted 'em, so you know where they are."

Ditto, Ditto

Private Jones, who was a stenographer before the war, had caught the bullet which he thought would send him West. He motioned to the stretcher bearer.

"Give my love to Dorothy and tell her that I thought only of her to the end," he begged. "Carbon copies to Frances and Anna and Grace."

The Shifting Statue

The destroyer Sharkey, which arrived in New York harbor some days ago, dropped anchor near the Statue of Liberty on the starboard side, but during the night the tide shifted it about to the port side.

This transformation was most perplexing to a rookie gob, who finally confided his problem to a C. P. O.

"Well, you see, it's like this," the

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old timer informed him. "New York and Brooklyn both claim the statue, so to stop the argument the Government lets New York have it one day and then moves it over to the Brooklyn side the next."

Dead to the World

The total lack of comprehension between the American negro and his Algerian brother will go down in history as one of the outstanding features of the war.

There was, for instance, the case of the dusky stevedore at Brest, and one of the colored/French troops on duty there. Long and laboriously the Yank tried to establish some means of linguistic communication, but there was no response.

Then a brilliant thought struck the boy from Geo'gia. He produced a pair of ivory cubes and rolled them enticingly under the Algerian's nose. Intelligence still registered zero.

"Man," said Sam, in disgust.

"You ain't no cullud pusson. You ain't even no human. You is just a corpse."

No Solution

"Cap'n," complained the six-foot doughboy, "them fellers in my outfit is always pickin' on me."

"That's funny, you look pretty husky. Beat 'em to it. Pick on somebody you think you can lick first and show 'em you can fight."

"Cap'n, I done that already three times and all three of 'em licked me."

THE WEEK in the LEGION

Post No. 1 of St. Albans, Vt., had a fair during the week of April 12 to 17.

The Department of Kentucky has been conducting a drive to raise fifty thousand dollars.

Excursions to nearby lakes and parks will be given during the Summer by Hellenic Post, Minneapolis, Minn.

Billiard tables, card tables and a library, are insuring large attendance at the clubrooms of Trinity Post, Brooklyn.

A resolution protesting the wearing of the regulation army uniform by school cadet corps was passed by Owatonna, Minn., Post.

Leo Carey Post, Albert Lea, Minn., has voted to present to each of its retiring commanders an American Legion emblem ring.

Freedom Post, Pemberville, O., invites citizens of its town to give twenty-minute addresses at its bi-monthly meetings.

The city council of Mexico, Mo., has deeded to James Bledsoe Post a memorial plot in the municipal cemetery, and has given a fund for its maintenance.

A movement has been started for the erection of a million dollar memorial gymnasium at Lincoln, Neb., to contain headquarters of the Nebraska Department.

The Illinois Department is investigating complaints that former service men have been ejected from dance halls because they were wearing army shirts.

Clubroom facilities for Walter Tripp Post, Morris, Minn., are expected to be provided in a new one hundred thousand dollar armory at Morris.

Garden Spot Post, Lititz, Pa., rendered final honors at the funeral of David P. Brown in the cemetery

This department is a clearing house of ideas, where accomplishments of one post may suggest possibilities for all posts. Originality is the best recommendation of an item for this department. Photographs of Legion members who have interesting records, of Legion happenings, and of Legion clubhouses are wanted. Address Editor, The Week in the Legion, 627 West 43d St., New York City.

at Millbach Center, Pa., after the arrival of the body from overseas.

Cook Post, Yonkers, N. Y., claims the bowling championship of the veterans' organizations of Westchester County, and is now trying to take on other big league veterans' teams of the Metropolitan district.

The G. A. R. Post at Fairbury, Neb., recently deeded its hall and lot to the Fairbury American Legion

Firing Salutes

Posts throughout the United States will have squads from Regular Army, National Guard, Navy and Marine Corps detachments fire the salutes at their Memorial Day services. Indianapolis posts have received willing support from service organizations which have volunteered to provide uniformed squads for the salute.

Post. The Legionnaires then gave a carnival and made \$2,100 which they are using to furnish the hall.

George Washington Post, Washington, D. C., has sent out letters to remind the rest of the Legion of its claim to being the first post organized. It was formed on March 7, 1918.

Each member of Roscoe Frye Post, Sapulpa, Okla., is expected to take an outsider to the post's monthly smokers. From five to ten new members have been obtained at each smoker.

Official grave markers and potted geraniums will be placed on soldiers'

graves on Memorial Day by Capt. Harris D. Buckwalter Post, Royersford, Pa. G. A. R. veterans will join with the post in the ceremonies.

Joseph Vasella Post, Philadelphia, offers to provide entertainment for any other Philadelphia posts at membership rallies and smokers. Frank C. Massey, 814 South Tenth St., is entertainment officer.

Martin Krueger Post, Winsted, Minn., conducted a military funeral at the reburial of their comrade in whose honor the post is named. The body arrived in Winsted from France the last week in April.

George W. MacInnis Post, Wrentham, Mass., became wealthy by giving a minstrel and vaudeville show for two nights. Citizens of Wrentham have provided a fund for furnishing the post's clubrooms.

A camp fire is being arranged by St. Clair Post of Pottsville, Pa., for July 3 to 6. Army cooking will be one of the attractions, the post having a number of doughboy chefs among its members. The public will be invited.

Charging that prohibition enforcement officers in Indiana are making use of the army uniform to trap violators of the Volstead Act, Hyde Park Post of Chicago has appealed to Secretary Baker to take steps to restrict the wearing of the uniform.

Members of William L. Crane Post, Montrose, Ia., acted as color bearer and guard, pallbearers and escort at the funeral of John A. Andrews, formerly of Co. M, 343d Inf., whose body arrived in Montrose from England on April 11.

Hundreds of veterans of the United States Army Ambulance Service are expected to return to Allentown, Pa., on June 8, 9 and 10, when the U. S. A. A. S. Association will hold its annual reunion and steps will be taken to make the organization permanent. A reunion dinner will be held and the citizens

of Allentown have made elaborate plans for entertainment. The reunion will be held in a different part of the United States each year. All ambulance veterans have been requested to send their names and addresses to the secretary, Basil L. Walters, the Milwaukee *Journal*, Milwaukee, Wis., stating whether or not they expect to attend the reunion.

Many former army aviators are members of Redwood City, Cal., Post. On May 1 the post conducted an Aviation Day celebration at Redwood Flying Field featured by a parade, passenger flights and a barbecue.

Citizens of Vincennes, Ind., will give free chow to members of The American Legion at the state convention in Vincennes, June 28 and 29. They are preparing to serve meals to as many as five thousand Legionnaires.

The Arkansas Department is offering prizes to its posts and individual Legionnaires which obtain the most new members in May. To the post getting the largest increase in membership a stand of colors or \$174 will be given. To the Legionnaire of each local post obtaining the most paid-up new members, no fewer than

ten, a gold lapel button, scarf or brooch will be awarded. Local posts have been requested to offer additional prizes in the membership drive.

James T. Bergen Post, Amsterdam, N. Y., was enabled to furnish its clubhouse through a donation of \$4,500 from the Amsterdam War Chest Committee. The post recently made one thousand dollars by giving a show.

Dr. C. H. Merrill, historian of Charles A. Learned Post, Detroit, Mich., is making a collection of shoulder insignia worn in the A. E. F. He collected seventy-five insignias at one meeting. Another idea for the decoration of clubrooms.

St. Paul, Minn., Post voted to ask Federal assistance in obtaining reduced steamship rates for relatives going to visit soldiers' graves in France. Minnesota members of Congress have been asked to seek legislation to make this assistance possible.

The American Ex-service Club of China has become Shanghai Post No. 1 of The Legion. Organization of the Department of China is now under way and at least six additional

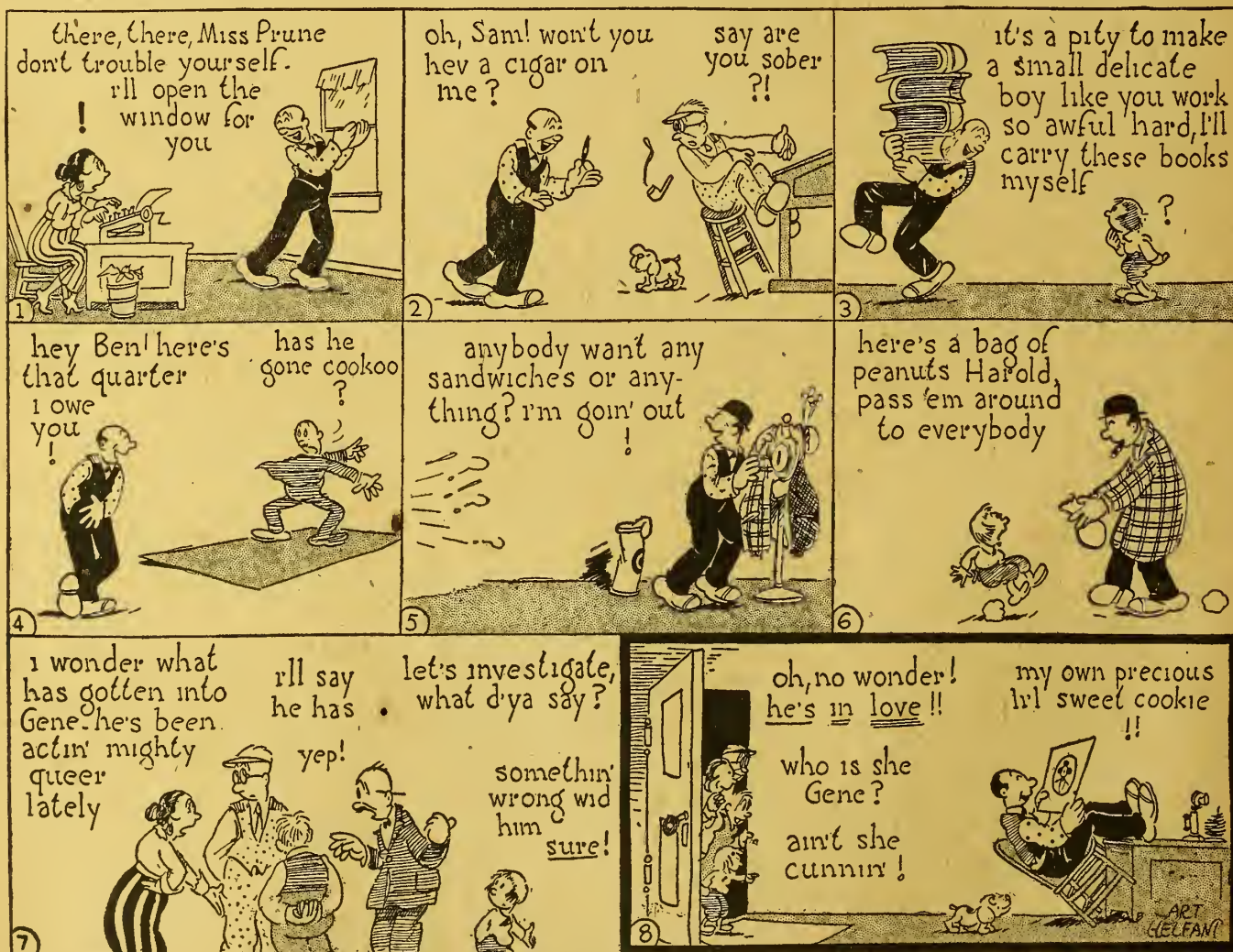
posts are to be formed at Hankow and Tientsin in North China and at Hong Kong. The Shanghai ex-service men have been giving monthly luncheons.

Honolulu Post has passed a resolution asking that the bodies of Hawaiian service men who died in France be returned to their homes for burial. The names of those on the Hawaiian honor roll indicate their diversified nationalities. Among them are Apau Kau, Paulo Kaiewe, Manuel Gouveia, Manuel Ramos, George B. Tom and Han Young Lee.

Americanism Bulletin No. 8, issued by National Headquarters, suggests that posts may arrange ceremonies in connection with the naturalization of aliens. The hasty and unimpressive circumstances which too often characterize the taking of the oath of citizenship in the Federal bureaus are apt to minimize the importance of the act, the bulletin maintains.

To accommodate seven hundred commuters who live in Hackensack, N. J., and work in New York City, members of Capt. Harry B. Doremus Post operated a Susquehanna train

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You never can tell when a young man's fancy may lightly turn to thoughts of wimmen.

FROM OUR ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Compensation as Farm Loan

To the Editor: Speaking for myself, I should like to see a law passed and added to the Federal Farm Loan Bank's rulings which would give the ex-service man with anywhere near enough security a chance of borrowing a sufficient amount to start him on the agricultural road to success. All I ask for is a loan of sufficient amount, low rate, and the same length of time given to others.

JOHN H. ENGELBRECHT,
Buffalo Gap, S. D.

Wants His Own Business

To the Editor: I want to tell the buddies that I will hang out for the plan of \$1.50 a day cash for the simple reason that I need the money. I am disabled for my former trade, that of stationary engineer, and if I have the cash I can go in some business.

JACOB T. GOFF,
Post No. 536, Buffalo, N. Y.

Home Aid Plan's Advantages

To the Editor: The first option of the four forms as set forth by The American Legion for compensation to ex-service men seems to me to be the best of the lot. Why? The home aid plan is the best because the home is the bulwark of the nation. Give the boys some assistance in making homes for themselves, and thereby the Government is contributing to their welfare and happiness. Moving day has no terrors for the man who owns his own.

H. B. ELDREDGE,
Manchester, Mass.

The Personnel Force

To the Editor: There have been histories and publications of every description telling what this or that unit did in winning the war, but not once have we seen or heard of any paper or book telling just what the personnel force's work consisted of and how essential it was to victory. In the writer's mind the personnel was as necessary as were the pieces of artillery that pounded the German lines.

The writer was a member of the personnel company which held sway at Camp Sevier, S. C., until April 2, 1919, at which time it was dissolved and the men sent to their respective homes. We believe that each man who played his part in the personnel force should be a member of The American Legion, and no doubt they are, for such men know what is good and the Legion needs their help.

W. L. POOLE.

Greenville, S. C.
MAY 21, 1920



Dentists Now Urge

A New Teeth Cleaning Method

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

Leading dentists all over America are urging the adoption of a film-removing tooth paste.

Millions of people have already proved it. In every circle nowadays you see white, glistening teeth. Ask about them and the owners will say, probably, that Pepsodent has done it.

'By Fighting Film

Those results come from fighting film—that viscous film which ever forms on teeth. Most lack of luster is now traced to that, also most other tooth troubles.

Film clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. The tooth brush does not end it. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it. So much of it stays and hardens, until you have it taken off in the dentist's chair.

Film is what discolors—not the teeth.

It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. All these troubles have been constantly increasing for lack of a film combatant.

The Way is Found

Dental science, after years of searching, has found a way to fight film. Five years of clinical and laboratory tests have proved it beyond question.

For home use the method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent, made to meet every dental requirement. And to make it known quickly in every home, a 10-Day Tube is being sent to everyone who asks.

A Quick, Convincing Test

The Pepsodent results are evident and quick. A ten-day test will leave no doubt about them. And a book will tell the reason.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digester of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

A new discovery makes this method possible. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has found a harmless activating method. Now active pepsin

can be constantly applied, and forced into every hiding place of film.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

Look at your teeth now, then look in ten days. Let your own teeth decide between the old ways and the new. This is important. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

PAT OFF
Pepsodent
REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

The scientific film combatant, now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by druggists in large tubes.

Ten-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 531, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to



"At Last—a Real Job and Real Money!"

"And if only I'd started earlier, I could have had them five years ago. I didn't realize at first what spare time study would do for a man. Taking up that I. C. S. course marked the real beginning of my success. In three months I received my first promotion. But I kept right on studying and I've been climbing ever since."

Every mail brings letters from some of the two million students of the International Correspondence Schools telling of advancements and increased salaries won through spare time study. How much longer are you going to wait before taking the step that is bound to bring you more money? Isn't it better to start now than to wait five years and then realize what the delay has cost you?

One hour after supper each night spent with the I. C. S. in the quiet of your own home will prepare you for the position you want in the work you like best.

Yes, it will! Put it up to us to prove it. Without cost, without obligation, just mark and mail this coupon.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS BOX 7061-B, SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, before which I mark X.

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Present _____ 7-22-16
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FEEL LIKE ONE

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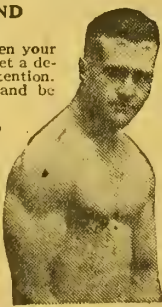
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EARLE LIEDERMAN, Dept. 203 Broadway, New York City



MISSING MEN

Inquiries to this department should be addressed MISSING MEN, THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY, 627 West 43d St., New York City. Use of these columns is restricted to relatives and friends seeking information concerning men killed, wounded or missing. Casual requests for the whereabouts of men who have returned to their homes cannot be inserted because of lack of space. Photographs cannot be printed.

JOSEPH A. BALLARGEON, GEORGE W. BLANKENSHIP, RALPH NEWMAN, ROBERT S. SHERKEY, WILLIAM E. SMITH—Relatives and friends of these men may obtain pictures of their graves from Aloysius J. Mallette, Hotel Kirar, Kenosha, Wis.

DERING, HAROLD F., has been missing from home since Oct. 23, 1915 and is reported to have enlisted during the war. Information is wanted by his father, W. F. Dering, 6516 24th Ave., N. W., Seattle, Wash.

DOBSON, J. WILLIAM, is being sought by George N. Althouse Post, Norristown, Pa., of which he is a member. News regarding this man may be sent to his father, 14 Gay St., Phoenixville, Pa., or to the post adjutant.

HAYES, ARTHUR B., is missing after having been transferred to General Hospital No. 28, Fort Sheridan, Ill. He served overseas with Hdq. Co., 12th F. A., and was in General Hospital No. 36, Detroit, for some time after his return from France. Information about this man is wanted by Charles A. Learned Post, 1035 Woodward Ave., Detroit.

LOWE, WILLIAM O., formerly of Pioneer Inf. Supply Co., was last heard from in May, 1919, although he is known to have been discharged in Sept., 1919. Anyone knowing his whereabouts is asked to write his father, J. F. Lowe, Carlock, Ill.

STYERS, SOLOMAN W., PVT.—Information concerning the death of this man is wanted by R. B. Green, of Riggs-Hamilton Post, Russellville, Ark.

VANCE, JAMES A., formerly a private in the Ordnance Department, was last heard from at Chattanooga, Tenn. He may be working on some Ohio or Mississippi river steamboat. Information of his whereabouts is wanted by his brother, Hubert A. Vance, Reedyville, Ky., or by Miss Alma Bolster, Red Cross, Morgantown, Ky.

"OTRANTO"—Pvt. Clyde Mott went down with this vessel when she sunk in a storm off the Irish coast. His parents want information about his death from survivors and would appreciate any word from his buddies in the Sept. Repl. Draft from Fort Screven, Ga. Write his brother-in-law, John C. Doolittle, Stone Hardware Co., Savannah, Ga.

2d M. G. BN., Co. D.—Pvt. Wesley C. Predmore was killed in France on July 18, 1918. Details of his death, location of grave, place of death and other particulars are wanted by Robert E. Predmore, care of Mrs. E. E. Stoessel, Route 5, Rupert, Idaho.

4TH INF., Co. B.—Lieut. James McConnell died in France on July 23, 1918. Men of this company are asked to send details of his death and any other information to his wife, Mrs. James McConnell, Pontiac Hotel, St. Louis, Mo.

4TH INF., Co. H.—Nicholas Brown, 1st Sgt. was killed Oct. 12, 1918 in the Argonne. Information about his death is sought by his brother, Carl Brown, 538 Third Ave., Detroit.

5TH FLD. SIG. BN.—Lieut. Roy A. Bennett was killed Sept. 30, 1918, at Montfaucon. His mother is seeking details of his death and any other information. Write to Clyde C. Buffum, Keokuk Electric Co., Keokuk, Ia.

5TH MARINES, Co. G.—Joseph Anderson was reported wounded on June 6, 1918, evacuated to field hospital and discharged from there on June 20, 1918. Later reports deny his having been sent to hospital. W. D. has no record of him after June 6. Information can be sent to Lynchburg Post, American Legion, Lynchburg, Va.

7TH INF., Co. A.—Pvt. Samuel S. Stewardson was killed at Chateau Thierry on July 10, 1918. Any information regarding him will be appreciated by his mother, Augusta Stewardson, Colby, Kan.

7TH INF., Co. B.—Pvt. Edward O. Tharp was killed in action July 15, 1918. Red Cross reports that his grave is near Fossoy, France. Information wanted from men of his company or anyone that knew anything of his death or burial. Write his mother, Mrs. Joanna Tharp, Winston, Ky.

16TH INF., Co. A.—Pvt. Basil C. Felix reported seriously wounded June 18, 1918; later reported died of wounds July 18, 1918. Anyone knowing him or particulars of his death write his sister, Mrs. Lisle Thurston, Madelia, Minn.

23D INF., Co. A.—Alexander Zajac or Zions; went overseas Oct., 1917; no word from him since. Any information concerning him to Byron F. Mowry, Valley Falls, R. I.

28TH INF., Co. D.—John Wertanen; reported wounded in action between Oct. 1 and 12, 1918; later reported present with organization on April 30, 1919. Last letter from him dated Sept. 27, 1918, and mother is unable to get any further word from W. D. Any information as to his fate should be sent to Nestor Wertanen, Kaleva, Mich.

38TH INF., Co. K.—Daniel B. Wright, killed in action. Can anyone furnish his old address to James Mitchen, 34 Henry St., New York City, who wishes to get in touch with Wright's relatives as he has a message for them, particularly for his wife who is believed to live in Conn.

47TH INF., Co. F.—Pvt. Frank R. Anderson, reported killed in action Aug. 7, 1918; no further information. Anyone knowing this man or of his death write his brother, Arthur Anderson, R. 2, Lafayette, Minn.

47TH INF., Co. G.—Pvt. Patrick J. Monaghan, reported wounded Aug. 7, 1918; later reported missing in action and again as died on Aug. 7, 1918. Information regarding his fate desired by his mother, Mrs. James Monaghan, Ivesdale, Ill.

47TH INF., Co. I.—Pvt. George A. Buzacott, reported killed in action July 30, 1918. Information concerning his death or movements just previous to it is desired by his mother, Mrs. K. B. Buzacott, Box 832, Pittsburgh, Cal.

54TH INF., MED. DET.—Pvt. Rufus Johnson, reported died of pneumonia at Gerardmere, France, Oct. 28, 1918. Information regarding his death wanted by his brother, Henry S. Johnson, Aiken, S. C.

58TH INF., Co. E.—Harrison F. Pedersen, killed in action July 18, 1918, near Chateau Thierry. Information from anyone who knew him desired by father, Jens P. Pedersen, Pierson, Ia.

64TH INF., HDQS. Co.—Pvt. Earl B. Staley, died Nov. 11, 1918, Contagious Hospital, Justice Group, A. P. O. 784. Any information concerning his death or anyone knowing him in hospital write his father, George E. Staley, Sharon Springs, N. Y.

81ST CO., BALBOA, C. Z.; Arthur B. Benoit.—Information regarding his fate or whereabouts desired by his mother, Mrs. Peter Benoit, 135 Massasoit Road, Worcester, Mass.

81ST CO., 6TH M. G. BN., MARINES.—Pvt. Montgomery (R. M.) Gibbs; mortally wounded in action June 10, 1918, and died next day. War Department can furnish no further details nor place of burial. Information of any kind concerning him sought by his sister, Miss Pauline Gibbs, 29 E 9th St., Atlanta, Ga.

82D CO., 6TH MARINES.—Pvt. John Robert Lumley, missing in action June 8, 1918. Anyone knowing particulars of his death or whereabouts write his sister, Mrs. F. H. Grozinger, 133 Wall St., Utica, N. Y.

83D CO., 6TH MARINES.—Milton T. Smith wounded at Bayonville and died at Base Hospital No. 47, Beaune. Will anyone who was with him during any of the time, particularly Agnes Jones, R. C. N., write his mother, Mrs. Agnes Smith, R. R. No. 3, La Cygne, Kan.

86TH DIV.—Cpl. Fred Woebkenberg wrote one letter from France, and was reported missing on a march early in Nov., 1918. Anyone who knew this man or his fate write Adj., American Legion Post 203, Grey Eagle, Minn.

102D F. A., BTRY. A.—Pvt. Nathan Segal reported killed in Argonne Oct. 30, 1918. Particulars of his death desired by his mother, Mrs. Rebecca Segal, 126 Cuvier St., San Francisco, Cal.

103D F. S. BN., Co. C.—Otis Lyle Canady gassed and died later in hospital at Coniency, Sept. 9, 1918. On way to hospital he gave his per-

THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY

sonal effects to Sgt. Tracy in charge of ambulance to be mailed to his father. Sgt. Tracy gave them to a Y. M. C. A. worker to attend to it. Anyone knowing this "Y" man write his father, C. M. Canady, 618 Park Rd., Ambridge, Pa. Will the nurse or doctor with Pvt. Canady when he died also write.

103D INF., PVT. G. WALSH; 105TH INF., PVT. F. SIMPSON.—Both died at 41st Stationary Hospital, near Amiens. Anyone knowing their relatives put them in touch with Thomas Cook, 126 Webster Ave., Yonkers, N. Y., who has pictures of their graves.

106TH INF., Co. E.—Pvt. Walter J. Noonan reported killed in action Sept. 27, 1918. Anyone knowing anything regarding this man write his mother, 1657 60th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

106TH INF., Co. G.—Pvt. Henry R. Gregory reported killed in action Sept. 2, 1918; now reported only wounded. Information wanted by his mother, Mrs. H. R. Gregory, 1185 Bushwick Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

109TH INF., Co. M.—Pvt. Wm. Hix Blackburn reported killed in action Oct. 8, 1918. Information regarding his death desired by his mother, Mrs. Malena Blackburn, Box 58, Ferran, Utah.

114TH INF., Co. G.—Sgt. Fred H. Baynes reported missing and later killed in action Oct. 12, 1918; four more conflicting reports from W. D., and finally two reports of death and two different grave numbers. Also reported seen in a B. H. on April 7, 1919. Any information desired by Fred H. Baynes, father, 935 Monmouth St., Gloucester, N. J.

117TH INF., Co. G.—Chester O. DeBolt reported wounded Oct. 17, 1918 and died two days later from wounds; mail received from him dated Nov. 8, 1918. Information desired by wife, Mrs. C. O. DeBolt, 2012 Como Ave., W., St. Paul, Minn.

126TH INF.—Pvt. Wade Haskell Allen, first reported missing in action, later reported killed Oct. 10, 1918. Anyone knowing him in France or particulars of his death write his wife, Vera Allen, or Ina Allen, Iliopolis, Ill.

126TH INF., Co. F.—Capt. Richard Frederick Smith reported by W. D. presumed killed in action Aug. 5, 1918. No record of burial. Stories of men of his company conflict. Mrs. Richard F. Smith, Francis Ct., Jackson, Mich., would appreciate additional information.

128TH INF., Co. C.—Pvt. Lewis H. Schubert slightly wounded Sept. 1, 1918; returned to duty and killed in action Oct. 10 or 12, 1918. Anyone that can tell anything about his wounds or news of his death write his father, Fred E. Schubert, McGirk, Mo., formerly of Centertown, Mo.

165TH INF., Co. B.—Joseph A. Bush reported killed in action. News of his death, or any particulars of wounds, etc., desired by his mother, 629 20th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

304TH AMMUNITION TRAIN.—William Andrew Bezner. Anyone knowing this man's fate please write his sister, Mrs. Hargen, 1632 South Frazier St., Philadelphia, Pa.

305TH INF.—Pvt. Joe Hughes was wounded four times in France and is at present in Kings County Hospital, Clarkson St., Brooklyn, N. Y., following an operation. Anybody wishing to give him a lift is asked to go there or communicate with the hospital authorities.

305TH INF., Co. M.—Herman Klein, also in 157th Inf., Co. G, reported died at hospital from wounds Oct. 15, 1918. Particulars of his death or how wounded desired by his father, Adolph Klein, Sr., Bemidji, Minn.

310TH INF., Co. C.—Pvt. Herman F. Prien reported died of wounds Sept. 23, 1918. Graves Registration has no record of grave and family is unable to collect insurance. Any information concerning him or his fate desired by Albert Prien, 31 West St., North Attleboro, Mass.

311TH SUP. Co., Q. M. C.—Pvt. Robert W. Wilson reported died in France and his folks are without further word. Information regarding what he died from or other details are desired. Write his sister, Miss Annie Wilson, 817 98th St., Richmond Hill, L. I., N. Y.

315TH INF., Co. A.—Laurence L. Snyder missing. Will anyone that knows his fate write to J. I. Short, A. G. S. D., Middletown, Pa.

317TH INF., Co. B.—James Greek Burkett. Many conflicting reports received concerning this man and he has never returned from overseas. Will anyone who knows anything at all about this man write his brother, as his mother is on the verge of nervous prostration from the uncertainty. Write B. S. Burkett, Principal, Laclede Public School, Laclede, Idaho.

326TH INF., Co. K.—Arlie F. Claxton killed Oct. 14, 1918, in Argonne. Particulars of his death desired by his father, Dr. E. B. Claxton, First Natl. Bank Bldg., Dublin, Ga.

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YOU are a highly trained fighting-man—the ablest, most self-respecting thing on earth.

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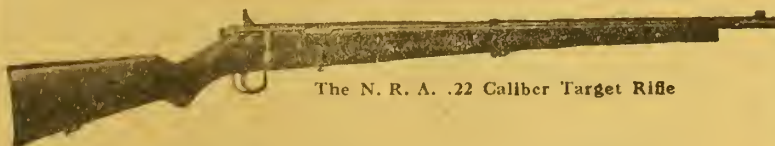
Physical condition—snappiness in close order drill—are easy to acquire—and easy to lose. But the ability to shoot straight—the distinctive American quality of the American soldier—was hard to gain, and it is your duty to your country and yourself to keep it forever.

And it is your duty to do more than that. Every day you are growing older. It is your duty to pass your hard-won proficiency along to the rising generation—so that never again will this country be unprepared—so that we may be again, as we were in the days of the Alamo, a nation of riflemen.

And that means to join your post's rifle-club—keep your shooting up, and to coach the boys who are growing up to be able to take your place. The .22 Savage N. R. A. rifle, the miniature under-study of the Service rifle which beats the Service rifle at 100 yards, is the tool to do it with.

You can get it at your dealer's. We'll send you complete description if you write us.

And the Zero Hour is NOW! Let's GO!



The N. R. A. .22 Caliber Target Rifle

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PAGE 18

SHERLOCK SCHULTZ OF LUXEMBOURG

(Continued from page 8)

and Adelaide, the situation might have been less trying. But it didn't.

Other mules took to keeping scandalous hours and failed to return. General Pershing eloped with Mlle. Lizzie, and the scandal was hushed only by the mystery surrounding the disappearance of four of their companions.

The battery commander was not exactly idle. Neither was his stable sergeant. All the ancient devices of the army were tried to clear the books, with varying success. A mangy brute left behind by a previous outfit in the care of the Mersch veterinary depot was adopted with honors by Battery X and well cared for until mange, dandruff, cooties or combinations of the three called him home to the company of his doubtful ancestors.

A sad-eyed beast who passed an uneventful career tied to a caisson wheel in the snow-covered park of a near-by battery contracted pneumonia, died and had an impressive funeral. Before the ink was dry upon the regimental veterinary's death certificate, Battery X's stable sergeant had exhumed the remains, carted them on a reel fourgon to the Battery X area and prepared for a second performance. The next morning this mule, clipped until even a skeptical vet could not have recognized him, was found dead for a second time, and Battery X was given a clearance for one more animal.

But even counting two deaths to each mule in the vicinity, the B. C. knew that the supply of carcasses could not be made to meet the demand. He prepared a neatly-worded resignation. And then Sherlock Schultz appeared in the cast of characters.

A seventh disappearance had been reported that morning. This latest mule to depart had taken with him his blanket and a McClellan saddle. Such a procedure clearly indicated that the animal would not return.

SOME five hours later Schultz drove up to the door of the P. C. on a bicycle.

Schultz might have stepped from the bridge of a German flag-ship on review. He was dazzling. His green cape was moored to him by fathoms of gilt braid, and his silver spurs made a quaint clinking on the road as he dismounted from his bicycle.

He introduced himself to the captain as a brigadier of gendarmes—and he looked the part until the battery commander made the amazing discovery that a brigadier is the same thing as a corporal.

"You have lost a mule," observed Schultz in a tongue that passed current in those parts for English.

"You said something," agreed the captain.

"There are no mules in Luxem-

bourg," stated Schultz. "Here we use only Belgian horses. Many farmers would like to have mules. But they are hard to keep. The English troops north of here in Belgium also have lost some mules."

The B. C. scrutinized him carefully, but could see no guile in the ingenuous curves of the brigadier's mustachioed countenance.

"And you have come to tell me this?" inquired the captain.

"I have come to tell you that and something more," returned Schultz. "I have come astride by bicyclette thirty miles to tell you that I have seen a mule. This asel—a large American asel, unlike the aseln of Belgique and Frankreich—is now in the barn of Meyer Weiss, my neighbor, a scheming fellow."

"You think then that this asel is one of our mules?"

"But yes, I am sure of it. This Weiss during the war denounced me to the council at Luxembourg stadt because I had hidden some flour and butter for the use of my family. He is a schemer. I was fined heavily. He is no good, that man Weiss, and he has your asel. It must be your asel because there are no other aseln in Luxembourg."

"Your logic is perfect, Sherlock," commented the captain, repressing a smile. "It seems hardly likely that one of our mules might have wandered that far afield. But I am sure that it is our animal. Your description of the asel makes me certain of it. Here are some cigarettes for your trouble, Brigadier Schultz, and rest assured that we shall bring this scheming neighbor of yours to justice."

So Sherlock Schultz, well contented with the success of his day's work, remounted his bicycle and rode out of the story. As his resplendent figure was lost to view in a turn of the road, the bugler, hastily called, stepped into the battery street and blew recall, to arms, fire and assembly one after another in quick succession.

IN five minutes sixty men had been selected by the battery officers for the patrols that were presently to become the scourge of the duchy. In half an hour the sixty, mounted and armed, had passed out into the hills and canyons, grim raiding parties that brought back the war poignantly to all civilians who saw them.

As nearly as possible they had been equipped to resemble the daring horsemen of the American moving pictures—those fearless, heartless gun-men whose exploits were as well known to the screen fans of Luxembourg city as to those of Chicago. Each rider carried two guns. Each had a coil of rope over the pommel of his saddle.

They rode in groups of fifteen men,
THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY

and with every group was an interpreter.

The pace was walk or trot until they came to the edge of a town. Then they spurred their mules to a gallop and dashed into the public square like cowboys on a spree.

It was an impressive sight. Invariably a call for the burgomeister brought quick and subservient guidance.

The group under the stable sergeant had the first bit of luck. The sergeant spoke enough German to be eloquent, if not offensive. As soon as he was ushered into the presence of the mayor he opened fire without adjustment.

"We have come for the American mules concealed in this village," he announced. "We intend to take them, and it will go hard with the men who are holding them unless the animals are surrendered at once and without argument."

"There are no mules here," declared the burgomeister.

"Very well," said the sergeant. "We shall search every stable and shed in your town."

The mayor bristled.

"You can't do it. It is against the agreement under which you were admitted to the country."

"Watch us," replied the sergeant as he shot a clip into one of his automatics. "We are soldiers, if you know what that means. If we find any mules here after you refuse to help us look for them, we'll carry you back to where you can make a formal complaint with a halter around your neck."

"Come to think about it," said the mayor, "I believe I did hear about a stray mule being found in Herr Mersch's fields." Let us go see."

THAT evening the battery commander drove down to regimental headquarters.

"I beg to report," he informed the colonel. "That all our lost mules have been recovered. We have now on our picket line, in addition to the number originally allotted to Battery X, seven American, three British and two Belgian mules."

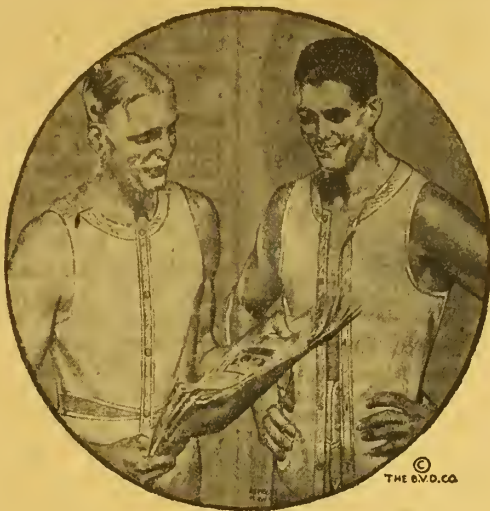
"You haven't violated any international agreements?" inquired the colonel, who scented something of the process by which the long lost mules had been restored to the battery.

"Not exactly," answered the B. C. "Wherever the holder of the mule had a bill of sale he was allowed to keep his property. None of those who acted as custodians for the animals we brought back is apt to cause trouble."

"The moving picture industry is a great American institution," observed the colonel as he heard the details of the mule patrols' raids.

"The greatest American institution," commented the battery commander respectfully, "is bluff."

And a number of contented mules munching their hay on Battery X's picket line proved the word.



QUALITY EVER MAINTAINED

TIMES CHANGE BUT LEAVE UNCHANGED THE QUALITIES WHICH HAVE MADE B.V.D. THE WORLD-WIDE STANDARD OF SUMMER COMFORT.

NO UNDERWEAR IS B.V.D. WITHOUT THIS RED WOVEN LABEL



THE B.V.D. COMPANY
NEW YORK

BE AN EXPERT

Auto and Tractor Mechanic
Earn \$100 to \$400 a Month

Young man, are you mechanically inclined? Come to the Sweeney School. Learn to be an expert. I teach with tools not books. Do the work yourself, that's the secret of the

SWEENEY SYSTEM

of practical training by which 5,000 soldiers were trained for U. S. Government and over 20,000 expert mechanics. Learn in a few weeks; no previous experience necessary.

FREE Write today for illustrated free catalog showing hundreds of pictures men working in new Million Dollar Trade School.

LEARN A TRADE
Sweeney
SCHOOL OF AUTO-TRACTOR-AVIATION
93 SWEENEY BLDG. KANSAS CITY, MO.

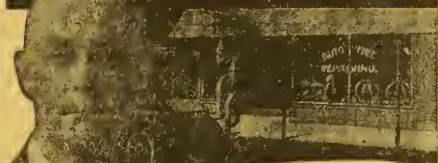
FREE BOOK



LEARN PIANO!

This Interesting 'Free Book shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ at quarter usual cost. It shows how one lesson with an expert is worth a dozen other lessons. Dr. Quinn's famous Written Method includes all of the many important modern improvements in teaching music. Bring right to your home the great advantages of conservatory study. For the beginners or experienced players. Endorsed by great Artists. Success for graduates everywhere. Scientific yet easy to understand. Fully illustrated. All music free. Diploma granted. Write today for free book. QUINN CONSERVATORY, Studio 25, 598 Columbia Road, Boston 25 Mass.

I Earned \$2200 IN FOUR MONTHS



THIS is
Richard A.

Oldham. He earned \$2200.00 in four months with a Haywood Tire Repairing outfit. For 20 years he was telegraph operator on the Illinois Central Railway. He is now 58 years old. He answered my advertisement—quit his job—bought a plant and opened a business. He just wrote me "I have made more in eight months than 2½ years as operator." There are now 500 stations where tire repairing is neglected.

I Must Have 500 Men To Fill These Positions

I have a Big interesting Book to send you. It tells all about tires—gives inside figures and profit. Send for it! What Oldham and others are doing You can do. \$2500.00 to \$4000.00 per year is conservative. Like Mr. Oldham—One machine will start you. Then open a shop. You can see business all around you. Put out a Haywood Sign and business will come to you. Now get started. Send for the Big Book and start making money.



M. HAYWOOD, Pres.

Haywood Tire & Equipment Co.
1267 Capitol Ave. Indianapolis, Ind.



Worn the World Over

For more than forty years Boston Garter has been a friend to men the world over. It not only keeps the old but makes new ones each year. Most men ask for Boston Garter as a matter of course—the two words go so well together.

George Frost Company, Makers, Boston

U. S. ARMY PUP TENT, \$4.75
Reclaimed from Army Base

Extra Heavy Duck	Combination Jack Knife and Spoon	\$1.00
	Army Camping Blankets	7.00
	Heavy Khaki Pants	4.00
	Tanned Calf Scout Shoes	4.00
	U.S. Navy Hammock	3.50
	Gov't No. 1 Hip Rubber Boots	5.50
	Cowhide Boston Bag	3.25

These prices include Postage Prepaid.

Write for Catalog and Money Saving Prices.
OLD COLONY STORAGE CO.
Dept. A, 40 Court St., Boston, Mass.

BECOME AN EXPERT ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants command big salaries. Thousands of firms need them. Only 2,500 Certified Public Accountants in U. S. Many are earning \$3,000 to \$10,000 a year. We train you thoroughly by mail in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Knowledge of bookkeeping unnecessary to begin—we prepare you from the ground up. Our course and service are under the supervision of William B. Castenholz, A. M., C. P. A., Former Comptroller and Instructor, University of Illinois, assisted by a staff of C. P. A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Low tuition fee—easy terms. Write now for information and free book of Accountancy facts.

La Salle Extension University, Dept. 5361-HA Chicago
"The Largest Business Training Institution in the World"

Make \$20 A Day

BE A SALESMAN—make \$5,000 to \$10,000 a year—travel—be your own boss. 50,000 farmers, bookkeepers, clerks, etc., have proved that an hour a day with this amazing system makes men Master Salesmen. Free Employment service. Simply send name—a card will do—for free book that tells how. **National Salesmen's Training Ass'n.** Dept. 24 E, Chicago, Ill.

AS PER REQUEST

THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY is now ready to fulfill the many requests for an **ADJUSTABLE BACK BINDER**

This Binder will hold 52 issues or one year's volume of "The Weekly." It is made in Full Book Cloth (Red) at \$1.75 each—Postpaid
Fabiroid Covered (Black) \$2.25 each—Postpaid

with THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY embossed in gilt on cover. Order one now for your Post! Send postal or express money order or check to

BINDER DEPARTMENT
The American Legion Weekly
627 West 43d St. NEW YORK

A SNARE IN THE LEGION'S PATH

(Continued from page 4)

to formulate a program of taxation that will meet the approval of all elements in the caucus.

The movement fathered and fostered by Royal C. Johnson, of South Dakota, and Henry T. Rainey, of Illinois, to raise the whole amount of money to be expended in ex-soldier legislation by a tax of eighty per cent. on individuals whose net incomes for the years 1917, 1918, 1919 and 1920 were more than twenty thousand dollars and on corporations whose net incomes for the same years were more than one hundred thousand dollars is regarded rather as the extreme position of the element in Congress and out of it who want, they say, to make the profiteers pay the soldier.

The Frear plan, submitted in Congress on April 28 by Representative James A. Frear of Wisconsin, and backed, it is said, by the entire Wisconsin delegation, has perhaps attracted the most support as a substitute or as the basis of a substitute for the sales tax arrangement.

Mr. Frear offers a comprehensive scheme for raising the necessary revenue by increasing income tax rates from four and eight per cent. to six and twelve per cent., by extending the normal tax to dividends received by individuals from corporations for the years 1920 and 1921, by taxing stock dividends twenty-five per cent. for the three years 1919, 1920 and 1921, by doubling the tax on automobiles of more than one thousand dollars in value, by increasing theatre and general amusement admission taxes, and by a tax of one per cent. on real estate sales.

Hundreds of other suggestions have been and will be made. It is easy to see that if there is a will to compromise, there will be a way.

For Service Men's Sons

Sons of former service men will get three-year courses in agriculture and horticulture at The Green Mountain Home, Bennington, Vt., without cost to themselves or their parents. The school will open June 1. Applications for admittance are now being received. Applicants must be more than thirteen years old and must be physically and mentally qualified to obtain the full benefits of the school, which is endowed and is conducted by a corporation not organized for profit.

The Home is on the slope of Mt. Anthony and provides both city and country life facilities. Its buildings and lands are adjacent to "The Orchards," probably the largest fruit orchards in the United States. Legionnaires seeking information should address Edward L. Bates, Clerk, The Green Mountain Home, Bennington, Vt.

The American Legion Automobile Radiator Decoration

Manufactured and Distributed only by National Headquarters of The American Legion



Emblem Patented December 9, 1919
Copyrighted 1919 The American Legion

Actual size about 5 inches in diameter. Made in full emblem colors—Gold, Bronze and Blue. Equipped with wire lugs for fastening to front of radiator.

Sold only to members of The American Legion or for their use. All orders must be signed by an authorized officer of Local Post or must contain statement that writer is a member of The American Legion.

Price.....\$3.00 Each
War Tax 5%......15

Total Price.....\$3.15 Each

All Orders Should be Accompanied by Remittance

The American Legion Automobile Radiator Cap Decoration

Manufactured and Distributed Only by National Headquarters of The American Legion



Emblem Patented December 9, 1919
Copyright 1919 The American Legion

Actual size about two and one-half inches in diameter. Made in full emblem colors—Gold, Bronze and Blue. Equipped with bolt and nut for fastening to radiator cap.

Price.....\$2.60 Each
War Tax 5%......13

Total Price.....\$2.73 Each

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO

Emblem Division, Natl. Headquarters
The American Legion
INDIANAPOLIS INDIANA

THE ADVENTURES OF BILL McGEE

By Our Own Readers

WITH this week's series of spasms Bill McGee is demobilized and lapses into red-chevronsed obscurity. He has passed through more harrowing experiences, he has been killed more times, he has been resurrected more times than falls to the lot of a thousand other mortals. From now on his exploits will not be blazoned to the world. He has earned his rest. R. I. P.

Bill once was stopped by an M. P. "Officers only here," says he, Said Bill, "I rank with Pershing, Bo, We're both as high as we can go."

JAMES J. MEYER,

Wellsville, Kans.

I got this straight from Bill McGee, "This war's a gamble pure," says he. "Although at times 'twas rather tame, 'Twas nothing but an old shell game."

A. F. SPRADLIN,

Kansas City, Mo.

Bill acted starved at slum last night, He cleaned up everything in sight, And when they asked he said, "You see

I was just doing my K. P."

C. R. McCULLOM,

Los Angeles, Cal.

African golf was Bill's favorite sport Till they jerked him up before summary court,

Two-thirds of three was the court's decree.

Bill shot with the Major and won himself free.

PHILIP B. STAPP,

Greensburg, Ind.

One night Bill slapped a soldier's back,

"Say, Buddy, got my coneyack?"

Bill soldiers now behind the bars, The "buddy" wore two silver stars.

S. G. COATES,

Berwyn, Pa.

When Bill sewed on his chevron red, "I'm through with Army life," he said,

He priced a suit of clothes and then Turned round and said, "I'll sign again."

H. R. FRENCH,

East Radford, Va.

"God save the Queen," the Tommy cried,

"Oh, hang the Queen," friend Bill replied.

"You cawn't," said Tommy. "Cheerio! "You cawn't approach her, donch-erno."

HOMER L. KYLE.

Lincoln, Neb.

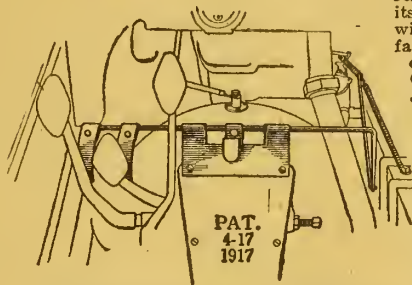
MAY 21, 1920

AGENTS--SALESMEN SALES MANAGERS EXCLUSIVE TERRITORY ON NEW INVENTION

Will you listen when opportunity knocks? Fortunes have been made in new automobile inventions. Grab this one quick. Your minutes are like dollars—don't waste them now. Read—investigate—then act. The Speederator for Ford cars is a new invention that is so good that 17 officials of the Ford Motor Company use it on their machines. Makes any Ford run like a Packard. Stops stalling—bucking and motor racing. Gives a smoothness to Ford driving that is wonderful. And just think—Speederator is put on without boring holes or special tools of any kind. Any Ford driver can put one on complete in twenty minutes. Never wears out—never needs attention—operates automatically. Sells like lightning. Old Ford drivers say best and only necessary Ford part. Get full information.

LISTEN This is not a ready made fortune but it is the opportunity to secure the exclusive sales agency for this new invention. Don't take our word—get the proofs. Just be honest with yourself and investigate. Let the money you make talk from now on. Smashing records of success will show the way: Helton, Utah, sold six hundred in five weeks—profit \$1,800.00. Crist, N. Y., sold 23 first day—said would have sold more if he had had them—now averages more than 400 a month—profit \$1,200.00. McAllister, Ills., says, sold four first afternoon. He is now using 100 a week. These straight-from-the-shoulder-facts point the way. Hoover down in Ohio sold 29 one day, profit \$87.00. Benke, Mo., averages 200 a month. Campbell, Tenn., 1,000 a month. Crandall, Iowa, put on thirty sub-agents in one week. Dryden, Calif., sold 150 in ten days. Grace, Hawaii Island, 200 in two weeks. Teeters, Mich., first three dozen in ten days. We say you can make

\$55.00 TO \$300.00 WEEKLY



THE GREATEST FORD INVENTION

THE PERRIN METAL PARTS CO.

selling the Speederator. Best article to advertise itself you ever saw. Once on a car the driver will never let you take it off. Sales are made fast and furious. Boyer, Penna., made \$72 first day. Cook, N. Dak., 150 sold first two weeks. Cahan, Ariz., 72 in two weeks—\$216.00 clear. Join the ranks of successful men in this work.

NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY

Just show us that you mean business and are ready for business and we will show you how. But first, make us prove these facts. We have nothing to apologize for. The Speederator is a grand success—you can make money fast if you have the territory—so get busy now. Write today for the necessary information and see for yourself. Don't delay—plenty of good territory left—if you are a hustler you can have money in the bank in a few weeks. Just write—now—to

1062 Hayward Building, Detroit, Michigan

Pain's Fireworks

Suitable for All Occasions

Contractors to U. S. and Allied Governments
for War Signals used Overseas

We Specialize in all kinds of effects for Sham Battles. Suggestions and Estimates Cheerfully Furnished.

18 Park Place, New York

127 N. Dearborn St., Chicago



INSURANCE CO., Dept. F-4, Newark, N. J.

AGENTS AND SALESMEN

If you are earning less than \$50.00 a week try selling our new Accident and Sickness Policies for \$10.00 yearly. Pay \$500.00 death and \$25.00 weekly for accidental injury or sickness. \$100,000.00 deposited with the State for policy-holders' protection. Splendid proposition for full or part timeworkers. Openings for number of good General Agents. Write for free particulars.

360-Acre Farm

WITH horses, 40 cattle and hogs, poultry, binder, grain drill, sulky plow, other machinery, wagons, harness, tools; 250 acres machine-worked fields, 75 acres cow pasture, thousand cords wood, apple orchard; 2-story 12-room house, bathroom; 3 big barns, 2 silos, garage; all \$7,200, easy terms. Details page 22, Strout's Catalogue Farm Bargains 33 States, copy free.

STROUT FARM AGENCY, 150 PB Nassau St., New York City

DIVISION PINS

Any regular Army Division. Small, neat pins in actual colors. \$2.10 each, solid gold. \$1.05 each in rolled gold. No extra tax. Made by overseas men who know how. Special pins for any unit or organization made to order.

METAL ARTS CO., Dept. 26, Rochester, N. Y.



Learn Auto and Tractor Business

in 6 to 8 Weeks—Earn \$150 to \$400 a Month. The Rahe Practical Method gives best and quickest training. Big demand for our graduates everywhere because of greater ability. The success of 22,000 graduates proves superiority of our practical training methods.

Rahe Auto & Tractor School

World's Oldest and Greatest

Twice more equipment and twice more floor space used in daily training than any auto school in America. Every man 16 years and older can learn here. Plenty of room for individual practical instruction

WRITETODAY Free 68-page book. Special Tuition rate and proof from graduates, on request.

RAHE AUTO & TRACTOR SCHOOL

Department 2004 KANSAS CITY, MO.

WAR PHOTOGRAPHS

20 CLEAR, ORIGINAL PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WORLD WAR, \$1.00 Picked from my own personal collection of over 400 views, taken in France and at sea; Ruined Villages, German Sub's, Catacombs, Battlefields, etc. Printed on heavy photo paper. THIS IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY. MAIL YOUR ORDER NOW.

CAPT. A. M. FREEMAN, 134 W. STATE ST. TRENTON, N. J.

OUR DIRECTORY of ADVERTISERS

These Advertisers support us—Let's reciprocate. And tell them so by saying, when you write—"I saw your ad. in our AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY." Or tell the same thing to the salesman from whom you buy their products.

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V SERVICE STRIPE—AWARDED ADVERTISERS WITH US REGULARLY FOR OVER SIX MONTHS

We do not knowingly accept false or fraudulent advertising, or any advertising of an objectionable nature. See "Our Platform," issue of February 6, 1920. Readers are requested to promptly report any failure on the part of an advertiser to make good any representation contained in an advertisement in THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY.

THE ADVERTISING MANAGER, 627 West 43d Street, N. Y. City

Can You Write an \$18,000 Letter?

We've told you before in these pages how you all—every one—could help us in our advertising work—

Probably some of you have believed what we said—and others haven't—

All right—

For those who haven't—here's the proof—

On February 10, Comrade W. A. R. of St. Peter, Minn., wrote us. His letter, in part, reads as follows:

"As a Legion member I am deeply interested in the advertising problems of the Legion WEEKLY, and I can assure you of my hearty cooperation at all times. Aside from that, I am still more interested in your advertising from the merchandisers' standpoint, being in business myself and selling advertised goods exclusively. I am enclosing herewith one of my letterheads which will bear out my statement. I have been selling advertised goods for nearly twelve years, before and after entering the service, and I am pleased to note that some of the firms whose goods I sell have been advertisers in our WEEKLY. I can assure these firms that I appreciate this fact, and shall do all I can to assist them in cashing in on their advertising in the Legion WEEKLY.

"It occurs to me that there are many concerns in certain lines of trade who should advertise in the WEEKLY, and who would cash in on it in fine shape, but who are not now doing so. I would like to mention clothing and men's wear as one line which could be more strongly represented among the Legion's advertisers.

"Then, also, my experience would lead me to advise the manufacturers of phonographs, talking machines and musical instruments, to advertise extensively in the Legion columns. I find that my buddies are stronger on MUSIC than they ever were before, and have sold phonographs and musical goods to a surprisingly large number of them. I would like to suggest that you attempt to secure some of the—advertising if you can. You may quote my opinion to them if you care to, and I will be interested to know what progress you make along this line.

"There are many other lines that could be properly and successfully advertised in the WEEKLY, and no doubt, other Legion members can suggest certain lines of merchandise that should be advertised in the Legion WEEKLY.

"All members of The American Legion should of their own accord patronize those firms whose advertising appears in the WEEKLY. They should in so far as possible give these advertisers all possible favor in purchasing such goods as they may need, and which are advertised.

"Further than this I firmly believe that no other magazine is so carefully read by Legion members and their families, and that no other publication carries advertising that would be so effective among this class of readers."

We took Comrade R. at his word—

It so happened that at just this time the matter of a contract for us was pending with the manufacturer he mentioned.

We wrote Comrade R., advising him of this fact—and asking him as one of their dealers, to write them and tell them, in the same way as he did us—what he thought of the WEEKLY.

The result—

We have closed with them one of the largest advertising contracts that we have on our books at the present time.

And your letter—Comrade R—helped us to get this order.

Now just think what it means, if every dealer—who is a Legionnaire, or a friend of the Legion—who is selling any lines of nationally advertised products—writes to the manufacturers of those lines which he handles—

And tells them what he thinks of our WEEKLY—and of the market which our thousands of ex-service men readers (and their women folk, too) offer for the sale of those particular products—

And of the sales of those products that are being or can be made to Legion members, if they are told about it through advertisements in our columns—

And if the thousands of salesmen—retail and wholesale—in every line of business, who are Legionnaires—will do the same thing.

Won't you see the same results accomplished in the case of hundreds of other advertisers—as was accomplished in this instance? It's a hundred to one shot—

Only, again we repeat, let us know what you're doing—and what replies you get.

Because we can use this information to advantage—

And without it—we're handicapped.

"Lack of Liaison" as we used to call it, you know—

On the same principle—that no matter how much valuable information a patrol secured, if it didn't get it back—it wasn't of much use.

For instance:

Comrade F. C. C. of Grant's Pass, Ore., wrote us—

Told us among other things—that he knew of four men who had purchased Auto Strop Razors because they were advertised in our WEEKLY—

We had some other letters from other readers as well—telling where they too had bought Auto Strops—

We showed these to the Auto Strop Razor Co.

Here's what their Advertising Manager says—

"The copies of the letters you sent me—showing that your members are reading our advertising and buying our razors—are most interesting.

"It is not a usual thing for us to be able to trace results as clearly as this from publications which we use.

"As long as you can show us as plainly as those letters show—that our advertising with you is producing results, you may be assured that we'll stay with you."

Comrade H. J. of Estancia has put his shoulder to the wheel—

That's a fine letter that you wrote to us and to your company—

Only—write it to their main office—where all their advertising is handled—not the branch office—that you addressed—

Brother J. D. H., Stuart, Iowa—That's a bully letter you sent in too. Please write the same thing to your company in Boston—

It will interest you to know—we're sure—that the reason we haven't their advertising is because our old friend, "F. W.," happens to be the agent who handles their business. We've already shown him your letter.

THE ADVERTISING MANAGER, 627 West 43d Street, New York City.

... when a fellow rolls his own, he wants the full flavor of his "Bull" Durham Tobacco ... still another reason why over nine billion cigarettes a year are rolled with

RIZ LA CROIX

CIGARETTE PAPERS

(Made in France—pronounced "Ree La Croy")



... It burns without taste or odor.

It's made of pure vegetable fibre, and—to make purity assurance doubly sure—washed with clear Pyrenees Mountain water, four hundred gallons of which are used in making a single pound of RIZ LA CROIX.



Made in France

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED

—which means that if you don't like RIZ LA CROIX cigarette papers you can get your money back from the dealer.